THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1865.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, [illegible]. Single Number 6 Cents.

DREAMS AND WAKINGS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"And now, tell me how is your health? Are you still sitting behind the maples in that quiet third story front?"—*Letter from a Friend.*

In my youth I had dreams of a Castle,
With halls so stately and high;
A noble park surrounding it,
A river careering by.
And I, from the battlements leaning,
Waved a scarf to my chosen Knight,
Coming gayly home from the hunting,
Or victorious from the fight.

Sometimes I dreamed of a Palace,
With gardens Armida might claim,
Where Love kept house with Constancy,
And Genius shook hands with Fame.
And I, clad in silken garments,
With jewels on neck and hand,
Stood amid the fair and the noble,
A Princess in the land.

But Time shook me out of my slumbers—
Away flew my pleasant dreams!
For the sorrow that waited my waking,
Forced Fancy to harsher themes.
False Love had left me forsaken,
My artless trust to rue;
And I strove in pain and weeping,
Life's bitter tasks to do.

Yet now, though I'm often lonely,
And youth and strength have flown,
I have much in life that I value,
And some things to call my own.
Absent friends write me charming letters—
Near ones are careful and kind—
I have bonbons to please my palate,
And books to refresh my mind.

And while Faith clasps my hands on the Cross, dear—
And Hope sits with her bright wings furled,
My quiet "third story front" is
The cosiest room in the world.
Philadelphia.

EVE ISLE;

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

Evening came, and found the Calypso fairly out at sea. The highlands of Neversink had disappeared before the western horizon, which now closed with the water in one continuous azure line as far as the eye could reach; the great ocean stretched away beyond; and with all sail set, and a good working breeze abeam, the little brigantine commenced her voyage in earnest.

Miss Gertrude had succumbed to the power of Neptune, ere they had fairly cleared Sandy Hook, and was still suffering mortal anguish in her stateroom, but both her father and Mr. Ildreth were old voyagers, and had long ago learned to set his aquatic godship's authority at defiance, so far as the rendering of such tribute went, and were on deck, the former, occupying an arm-chair, and amusing himself by watching the movements of the seamen as they methodically proceeded to make all snug and shipshape alow and aloft, the latter, pacing idly up and down, with nothing apparently to claim his attention or thoughts, though in reality there was a curious mingling of antagonistic feelings in his mind, all striving for the mastery, and all centering upon the one object which of late had become so all-engrossing.

It was an unmistakable relief, to feel that he was really beyond the influence of the strange girl who had thrown such a spell over his will and faculties, that he half wondered, at times, if his free agency was left to him untrammelled; but with this feeling of relief came one of sincere regret, for with all her singularity and perverseness, poor Eve's genuineness and unselfish devotion had awakened a regard in her cousin's heart far deeper and more abiding than ever he suspected.

As the ship's bell struck the hour of eight, Mr. Fay left his post of observation, and descended to the cabin, and presently after, Capt. Gale joined his cousin on deck.

"We have a fine night, Wayne," he said, "and are beginning our Don Quixote wandering under rather favorable auspices; but what were you dreaming about, man? some sweetheart left behind to mourn your absence, or were you recalling the many attractions of that imp of a sister of mine?"

"I was thinking of Eve, for I have no sweetheart to occupy my thoughts. I shall miss her sadly."

"I dare swear you will. She usually manages to keep herself in the remembrance of the few she fancies. A devilish queer girl! It has always been a mystery to me how you managed to get on with her."

"I never found any difficulty, and have really become very fond of her."

"I am glad you have. It is certainly fortunate that some one has a liking for her. I would not live with her for her weight in gold. I should expect to wake up possessed with a devil some fine morning, and take to navigating on all fours or riding a broomstick through the air, as the good old ladies used to do in Cotton Mather's time. But you seem to have the faculty of controlling her which no one else pretended to have, to my knowledge, and so are doubtless safe in her company. You are not educating a wife, are you?"

The speaker's voice and manner indicated nothing beyond a careless jest, in this apparently unstudied question, but had any one been watching him closely, they might have detected a well-concealed anxiety in his face quite at variance with this assumed indifference, and suggesting the idea that he was following out a preconcerted plan, even in so small a matter as this seemingly accidental conversation.

"I have no thought of marrying Eve, if that is what you mean," Wayne answered gravely.

"I don't suppose any one thought you ever had, my dear fellow—so don't make such a serious answer to a question asked in jest. One would think from your tone that I was some *pater familias*, interrogating you in regard to your intentions, ability to support a wife in a becoming manner, &c., &c., which character I distinctly disclaim; so by way of changing the subject, how are you pleased with our lady passenger?"

"I have seen her but a few moments. My impressions, however, were favorable. She is certainly both pretty and ladylike."

"Aye, aye, and proud as Lucifer into the bargain," Ralph said bitterly.

"You know her, then!" Wayne exclaimed in surprise.

"I have met her in society a few times, but can scarcely claim to be an acquaintance."

"Was it through your instrumentality, my gallant captain, that papa Fay was induced to apply for our vacant staterooms?"

Ralph colored and looked vexed, as though fearful he had unintentionally said too much.

"I have no such powers of persuasion as you give me credit for," he said, after a moment's pause. "I knew Mr. Fay was anxious to take a sea voyage, or, rather, that his physician had ordered him to do so, and I mentioned to a mutual friend, that you had chartered my vessel for a rather lengthy cruise, and would doubtless have no objection to a passenger or two, as there were accommodations for them, and a little additional company would be anything but undesirable. So indirectly, perhaps, I have been the means of populating your cabin; but I expect Miss Gertrude herself is not aware of my presence here, and the old gentleman I do not know personally."

"Why haven't you paid your respects to the lady, if she is an acquaintance? You're losing your manners sailing a merchantman, old fellow."

"There will be time enough for that," Ralph answered hastily. "There's a good bit of water between here and Valparaiso, which is the first port we shall make, and it will take some time with fair winds to get over it, though we've made a good offing, and there's no turning back now."

"Who wants to turn back, or thinks of it?" Wayne asked rather mystified, though at what he scarcely knew.

"No one, that I know of, and I'm sure that I've not a very distinct idea what I'm talking about. I had better turn in and sleep off my stupidity. Good-night."

Wayne was certainly not inclined to be suspicious of his cousin, but on the contrary, was disposed to regard him in the most favorable light. Still there was something in Ralph's preoccupied manner that struck him as singular; and again, the strange aversion that Eve entertained towards him, flashed through his mind, and he was half startled at finding himself repeating the earnest, bitter words she had once made use of in describing his character. Once more the mysterious superstition fell brooding over him, like the wing of some bird of ill-omen that an unseen danger menaced him, which might prove his destruction.

But Wayne Ildreth was not the man to give way to, sombre reflections for any great length of time, without some more tangible reason for it than the present occasion offered. So dismissing the subject as one only worthy a dyspeptic or a metaphysician, he whistled some snatches from an opera, threw *his* eye over the dark blue expanse beneath him, with its solemnly rolling waves, and the arch above with its twinkling stars and crescent moon, and then sought his own state-room, where he was presently lulled to rest by the monotonous rise and fall of the ocean god's mighty respiration.

The following morning, Miss Fay was able to join the cabin mess at breakfast, though she made her appearance rather late, the others being assembled when she entered, and her face still bore the traces of her late malady.

Ralph at once rose to receive her rather more ceremoniously than was precisely necessary under the circumstances. Gertrude started as she recognized him, and a look of unmistakable annoyance swept over her face, but she was too essentially well-bred to make any more pointed demonstration of vexation, and seating herself at the side of her father, with ready tact, by a casual remark, made it rather incumbent upon Mr. Ildreth to devote himself to her entertainment.

Wayne saw that some kind of an awkward encounter had taken place, and indeed from his conversation the preceding evening with Ralph, he was not entirely unprepared for it; but concluding that there was no misunderstanding that time and opportunity would not rectify, and being kindly desirous, moreover, of relieving Capt. Gale of his embarrassment, he gracefully seconded the young lady's advance towards sociability, and was presently engaged in an easy and decidedly exclusive *tete-a-tete.*

For once Ralph had lost something of his audacious self-possession, and was rather ill at ease; but, nevertheless, his face wore a half triumphant expression, as though matters were taking a very satisfactory turn, notwithstanding some unpropitious circumstances, and leaving the lady and his cousin to their chat, he turned his attention to Mr. Fay, and soon had that gentleman engaged in an animated conversation.

At the conclusion of the meal, Gertrude withdrew to her own room, and remained secluded the rest of the day, rather to the annoyance of Mr. Ildreth, who had counted upon her companionship to assist him in whiling away the time, which, for the first few days at sea, always drags more or less heavily, until one learns to accustom himself to the narrow limits assigned him on shipboard, and to fall into the little routine of pastimes with which he presently comes to fill up the otherwise monotonous hours.

Having nothing better to occupy his attention, he amused himself by observing the ship's crew, with whom he was to be thrown in contact during a prospectively long voyage. The first casual inspection was rather satisfactory. They were mostly men in the very prime of life—active, muscular, and thorough seamen, but a closer individual scrutiny did not result altogether in their favor. They were hard looking fellows; their bronzed faces bore the evidence of free indulgence in almost every species of dissipation, and their language was mixed up with strange *outre* oaths, that were shocking, even for a sailor's vocabulary. Vague innuendoes and mysterious hints were dropped, too, relative to queer doings on the coast of Africa and around the West Indies, and of curious landing places on the mangrove-lined shores of the Caribean, which in spite of himself suggested a feeling of uneasiness, and brought back to his recollection Eve's petulant remark that they looked wicked and she did not like them. Still he remembered that it was one of Ralph's well-known whims to engage in his service the most unmanageable characters to be found, and the ability to control them had never failed him—consequently, he gave himself no uneasiness upon a subject which, under other circumstances, might have occasioned anything but agreeable reflections.

There was one, however, among the ship's company in whom he felt an instinctive confidence, and that was the newly shipped mate. There was something irresistibly attractive, though comic, in the Long Islander's little twinkling gray eyes, tall, wiry figure, and quaint speech, overflowing with provincialism, and grotesque with such odd ambiguities, that the listener was constantly at a loss to determine satisfactorily to himself whether Mr. Coonrod had only narrowly escaped imbecility, or was a little too deep to be safely trifled with by any but a very shrewd man.

For this curious marine animal Mr. Ildreth conceived a strong liking, and before the close of a week, a substantial friendship had grown up between them, though, for reasons best known to himself, Mr. Coonrod was rather reserved and taciturn when Capt. Gale was present, and in various ways made it manifest that he did not wish it understood that they were at all intimate. Nevertheless, a good many hours of the mate's night watches were passed with Wayne pacing the deck at his side, and the young man found an infinite fund of amusement in the other's original and characteristic observations upon men and things, and his graphic accounts of personal experience and adventure in every quarter of the globe.

It was perfectly obvious that the mate was a very different kind of man from the rest of the crew, who did not fraternize with him exactly, and had evidently not determined to their own satisfaction, whether he was their professional superior in reality as well as in station, or a stupid land-lubber who had blundered his way on to the quarter-deck. Even Ralph watched him narrowly at times, as though considering a similar problem, and on the whole, Mr. Coonrod succeeded in making himself a rather puzzling enigma.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sixty-five days had elapsed, and the Calypso having been favored with fair breezes, had safely weathered the dreaded Cape Horn, and reached the genial latitude of the balmy trade winds which were bearing her rapidly forward to her first port out of New York, Valparaiso.

Of course the customary impatience to see land, invariably felt by travellers who have been for a month or two confined to the narrow limits of a ship's cabin, prevailed on board the brigantine, and was somewhat enhanced from the fact that such of her company as had correspondents at home were looking anxiously forward to the time when they could break the seals of home letters and scan the columns of New York papers, which they expected to receive at this point.

Mr. Ildreth had already enjoyed the journey thus far, and arrived at the very philosophical conclusion that, to a gentleman of means and leisure, there was no travelling that possessed half the fascination as such a wandering, indefinite cruise at sea. It was all very fine and nabobish to stretch himself at length under the awning, and feel that it rested with himself alone to determine how long his wanderings should continue—a very agreeable, though he was obliged to confess a somewhat boyish pastime, to lean over the bulwarks fishing for sea-weed, of which he had already a thousand specimens, or striving with a butterfly net to capture those shrewd little cruisers, the Portuguese men-of-war, who, always on the alert, took in their tiny sails, and scuttled their crafts at the approach of danger, as patriotic seamen who prefer a glorious death to an ignoble capture sometimes do—very amusing to stand, rifle in hand, trying his powers as a marksman upon the porpoise that audaciously leaped from the waters beneath the bows, and the snow-white sea-gulls that wheeled lazily overhead. It was also exceedingly romantic in the evening, when a brilliant tropical moon lit up a slumbering sea, and the vessel ploughed her way through waves sparkling with phosphoric fire, to pace the deck with a golden-haired maiden whose eyes and cheeks were brighter, and whose voice was softer and more musical at such times than any other.

For some reason, young people thrown together at sea are sadly given to falling in love. There is something peculiarly fatal to celibacy in marine air and moonlight promenades on the quarter-deck, when cheeks are apt to approach in suggestive proximity, and hands to meet as the ship gives a sudden lurch, which makes it the most natural thing in the world for Nellie to cling to her companion for protection.

I do not intend, by this little parenthesis, to prepare my readers' mind for the announcement that sixty days had sufficed to mature the tender passion in the bosoms of our young friends, as the same length of time does "Bank paper." Nevertheless, the two months they had been *compagnons du voyage*, had established a friendship between them that might ripen into a more enduring sentiment should circumstances prove auspicious.

Mr. Ildreth, now that he was fairly beyond the inexplicable orbit of Eve Isle's fascination, found a peculiar charm in the society of Gertrude, with her Madonna-like beauty, refined tastes, and cultivated mind; while she, without stopping to analyze the sentiment, was conscious of feeling very happy, and the voyage, which she would never have had the courage or disposition to undertake except on her father's account, and had looked forward to as inexpressibly tedious, she found to be passing rapidly and agreeably.

It was perfectly obvious that Captain Gale was far from indifferent to Miss Gertrude's charms, and for a time he had been somewhat assiduous in his attentions, but his advances had been received with such unmistakable annoyance, that he had at length desisted from showing her anything beyond the formal politeness due from a well-bred commander to a lady passenger. But it was also evident to the one or two who watched him narrowly, that he did not bear his ill success patiently, and occasionally Wayne noticed an expression on his face that recalled Eve's words, and made him momentarily uncomfortable.

Still, their friendly relations were apparently unimpaired, and Ralph transferred his attentions from the daughter to the father, with whom he soon established a close intimacy, and ere they had rounded the Cape, had gained an almost unbounded influence over him that sometimes awakened sad misgivings in the mind of his child.

It was some time ere Wayne understood upon what Gertrude's evident feeling of aversion toward Ralph was predicated, and when he did, his cousin sunk many degrees in his estimation.

He had been betrothed, it appeared, to an early school-friend of Gertrude's—one to whom she was warmly attached. He had followed her with untiring pertinacity, and had gained her heart unreservedly to himself. But there came a crash in the business world, and Jennie Graham's father from a millionaire became a hopeless bankrupt. Ralph never saw her again. Without a word or line of explanation, he left her for a long voyage, and poor Jennie, overwhelmed by the weight and multitude of her sorrows, drooped rapidly, and one morning a still, white face rested on her pillow, and an empty phial beside her, with "poison" on the druggist's label, made it easy for the coroner's jury to determine upon their verdict.

This much Gertrude related one evening when Wayne chanced to make some allusion to her first meeting with his cousin on board the vessel. She did not speak hesitatingly, but with the earnest indignation of a woman telling of her sister's wrong, and the recital brought back to Wayne's recollection some circumstances he had heard whispered in connection with Jennie's death, that now led him to suspect darkly that Ralph had another crime than those of perjury and desertion to answer for, and that the poor girl had died by her own hand, rather than become an object of contumely and scorn.

Wayne had known her well in former times, but had never before heard of her engagement with Ralph, which was not remarkable, perhaps, as he was absent in Europe during the time of Captain Gale's acquaintance with her, and until long after her death, which, for the sake of living friends, was seldom alluded to, and ere he returned, the painful circumstances connected with it had ceased to be mentioned.

With such an episode in his history, it was not strange that Gertrude should turn away from him with something akin to loathing, or that Wayne, with his chivalrous ideas of honor, and the unswerving loyalty due from men to women, should find the good opinion he formerly entertained of him materially depreciating.

Besides, he had another reason for distrusting him. During the short time they had been together, he had seen enough to lead him to suspect that the almost unbounded control he exercised over his lawless crew was almost, if not altogether, owing to the brute fear they felt for a master mind, bold, unscrupulous, and cruel.

But there were clouds that occasionally came across the sky of good fellowship that apparently existed between the relatives. It was not a part of Ralph's plan to do aught that would prevent his cousin from prosecuting the voyage under his auspices, and Wayne, except when some indiscretion on the other's part called up unpleasant reminiscences, was disposed to find much to palliate whatever was blameable in Ralph's conduct, past and present, in the circumstances that had surrounded him throughout his chequered life.

So passed the time with the little world on board the Calypso. Seventy-four days out of New York, the ears of the passengers were greeted one morning with the cheering cry of "land ho!" and all hastened to the deck. They were just rounding Reef Topsail Point, and the harbor of Valparaiso, dotted with vessels of various names and nations, was spread out before them, while, hazy and indistinct, like the perspective of a painting, lay the city, with its quaint architecture, overhanging balconies, and vine-clad cathedral towers, and still farther in the distance were the bold spurs of the Andes, clothed in luxuriant, never-dying verdure, and gradually ascending until their summits, bold and hoary, formed rugged ramparts, against which the clouds dashed and were shivered into little floating wreaths of vapor.

It was a scene that no stranger could gaze upon with indifference, and there are few whose eyes have lingered over the beauties of South American scenery, who have not pined to see it again, to once more breathe its luxuriant atmosphere and enjoy the freedom of its wild, half-civilized life. Alas! that such a land so rich in all the gifts of nature, should be so sunk in the scale of civilization, through the distracting policy of misgovernment, and the blighting influence of a false faith. The men who first discovered, overrun and settled it, came of a chivalrous race, and were bold and enterprising, and some have won immortality, but the thirst for gold, allied to the dark code of morals their religion apologized for, made them a curse where they might have been a blessing, and a wretched failure of the empire which might have been such a splendid perpetuity.

"Our cruise is about up, good friends," Captain Gale said, as he stood, glass in hand, upon the quarter-deck, surrounded by his passengers.

"Well, a more pleasant one never drew to a close," Mr. Fay responded. "I have crossed the ocean many times, but never enjoyed a voyage so well. What says my girl?"

"It has proved more agreeable than I ventured to hope," Gertrude answered, changing color slightly, which did not escape Ralph's watchful scrutiny. "I hope the remainder may prove as pleasant."

"Miss Gertrude evidently apprehends it will not," Ralph said, with apparent carelessness, as he adjusted his glass to his eye. "May I venture to inquire the foundation of her fears?"

"They have none, I suppose—a woman's whim. My sex claims the right to indulge in little apprehensions by way of variety."

"Well; I protest against the exercise of the right, or any expression of your forebodings," Wayne said, laughing. "My cousin Eve filled my head with so many visions of disaster that she foresaw would result from my journey, that I was half superstitious about undertaking it."

"Then if anything should happen to you, Master Wayne, in the pursuit of that mysterious island, you cannot say you haven't been fairly forewarned," Ralph said, in the same seemingly careless tone, though there was a scarcely perceptible something in his voice and manner that struck more than one of his hearers unpleasantly, and they afterwards remembered it.

"The prophecies of a couple of girls who talk nonsense because they haven't anything better to occupy their minds, must be valuable,"

Mr. Fay said mischievously; "but enough of such trash; I anticipate nothing but the jollicest kind of a good time so long as we two poor souls have to jog together on this cheerless little vessel."

"So say I," was Ralph's response. "Trouble enough of many people with not enough to do."

"But it is time I was attending to my business. All hands there aft! ahoy!"

"Ay, ay; shoving off, sir!" was the cheery response, and in an incredibly short space of time half a dozen stalwart forms were scrambling in the rigging. Up went the sources, and in went the light sails, leaving the brigantine under short canvas—this, too, was settled away, closed up, and furled—then came the splash of the anchor and the rattling of the cable through the hawse holes, and the Calypso was safely moored off Valparaiso.

Half an hour later the gig was hoisted out, and the passengers, accompanied by the captain and second mate, went on shore.

CHAPTER IX.

It was nearly noon and intensely hot, though the atmosphere was rendered endurable by the invigorating sea-breeze that almost invariably prevails in these latitudes, when they reached the shore, and took their way toward the principal hotel. Every thing to the travellers was new, strange and interesting. The narrow streets were overshadowed, and to a great extent protected from the rays of the sun by the projecting balconies; the rough, quaint, but substantial architecture of the buildings, and the picturesque though somewhat scanty raiment of the Indian and half caste population they occasionally encountered were all objects of curiosity, to those who now saw them for the first time, and were involuntarily comparing them with familiar scenes at home.

Occasionally they espied a veritable old "caballero" of the blue blood, in his flannel roundabout and white pantaloons, bearing the marks of yesterday's wear, for it was not time to dress for dinner, composedly smoking in some shady nook, haughty, reserved, and imperturbable, and once or twice they had brief glimpses of a senorita on an upper balcony in bewitching undress, her magnificent hair hanging in massive braids down her back, as is their wont to wear it, until the hour arrived for its artistic arrangement for the ball or evening promenade; but for the most part the purely Spanish element was invisible within doors, and would be for several hours to come.

To any one who could recall the busy turmoil that pervades our northern cities at the hour of high noon, everything in Valparaiso would have an intensely indolent appearance, suggesting the idea that the inhabitants had been suddenly deprived of all industrial pursuits, or had become disgusted with toil, and had resolved to keep a general Sunday in the strictest sense of the fourth command.

Here and there an Indian conveniently though not elaborately clad in the remains of a straw hat, a shirt and sandals, and with the stump of a cigar behind his ear, was observed lazily following a mule laden with jars of water or bundles of wood, and a few women could be seen bearing on their heads broad trays, containing oranges and bananas; but with these exceptions such an utter absence of life and activity prevailed, that it made one absolutely sleepy to look about them.

The appearance of things was none the less strange and foreign to our tourists when they reached the hotel and were shown to their rooms. The thick, massive walls, built for the double purpose of excluding the heat and to resist the earthquake's shock, were more like the battlements of a fortress than the enclosures of a dwelling; windows there were none; but in place of these usual appendages to a northern mansion, were heavy double doors, each pierced with a smaller one or air port, opening upon the balconies, where wicker work chairs were placed for the accommodation of loungers. The partitions did not reach the high ceiling by a foot or more, the intervening space being supplied by lattice work, that permitted a free circulation of air through the entire building, but as the arrangement was equally favorable to the transmission of sound, it was not at all suggestive of privacy, and Miss Gertrude felt very much as if she was occupying a corner of an immense apartment, in company with whatever guests chanced to be quartered beneath the same roof with her.

But there was something decidedly cheerful and cosy, nevertheless, about the apartment. The neat tiled floor, and the little iron camp bedstead, with its snow-white drapery and mosquito barred canopy, seemed wonderfully in keeping; and leaving to a servant the task of unpacking the scanty wardrobe she had brought on shore with her, Gertrude threw herself into the luxurious hammock, without which no Spanish sleeping-room would be completely furnished, and contrasting her surroundings with the apartments of a northern hotel, and the soft, balmy breeze that played through her moist hair with the wintry blasts of January at home, she fell asleep, and only awoke from her first orthodox siesta in time to dress for dinner, which was served at five o'clock.

Gertrude had just concluded her toilet, when Mr. Illdreth knocked at her door.

"Captain Gale had some business to transact at the Consulate," he said, "and your father accompanied him. They dined there, I suppose—at least they intimated they might make such disposition of themselves—and Mr. Fay was good enough to request me to take you in charge till his return."

"Very considerate in my sire, I must confess, if he must needs abandon me the first day of our arrival in a foreign land; but I believe the Consul is an old and intimate friend, and as I am not to be deprived of my dinner, I must be resigned."

"I did not suppose young ladies ever considered such unromantic affairs as dinner," Wayne said, laughing, as they proceeded toward the dining-room.

"Then you are very much mistaken. But how are we to make our wants known amid this Babel of, to me at least, unintelligible sounds?"

"I fortunately understand the language sufficiently for present purposes. How have you passed the afternoon?"

"Swinging in a hammock, like any lazy child of the tropics. But I intend to make amends for my indolence this evening, if I may claim your escort, and it would be safe and proper."

"It is both, Miss Discretion; and it is only in the evening that one can get a fair view of these night-blooming Cereus beauties who keep themselves shut up like nuns during the day, except as they sally forth to mass accompanied by the ugliest of duennas."

At that moment a servant entered and laid a letter beside Mr. Illdreth's plate, saying that it had arrived an hour or two before from the American Consulate, but had been overlooked and forgotten.

Wayne glanced at it hastily. The superscription was in Mr. Wrenthe's handwriting, and the seal was black.

"This brings bad news, I fear," Wayne said with a sudden sinking of his heart. "Excuse me a moment, till I learn its nature."

He broke the seal, and ran his eyes over the contents, and then, without a word, but with a troubled look, handed the letter to his companion, and she read as follows:

My Dear Illdreth:—

It pains me beyond expression to communicate such sad tidings, but it must needs be. *Eve Isle is dead.*

She never appeared like herself after your departure. For two or three days she remained shut up in her room, absolutely refusing to see any one, except the servant who took her meals to her, who reported that she looked and acted in such a strange, wild way, that she was frightened. At length, one morning, just ten days after you sailed, she was missing, having escaped, it was evident, from the window, by means of a cord composed of the sheets of her bed, torn into shreds and twisted together, which was still depending from it. An incoherent, half legible note was on the table, which informed us, in substance, so far as we could decipher it, that since you were gone there was none to care for her, and that she was tired of living; that danger menaced you on your voyage, from many different quarters, though more especially from your cousin, her half brother; that you did not suspect it, and therefore could not guard against it.

This is all that is certainly known of her fate, though her bonnet, and a handkerchief with her name upon it, were picked up at an early hour that morning on the Battery, very near the spot where she last parted from you. I have taken every means in my power to recover the body, but as yet without success.

I fear you will think me neglectful of my duty, and that I should have guarded her more closely. God knows I tried to be faithful to the trust reposed in me, but to control her, or to do aught but to let her have her way, was utterly beyond my power.

Dark and mysterious has been the poor girl's life, and her brief day has ended in a rayless night; but before any condemn, let them be certain that, with her strange mental and moral organization, and surrounded with all the circumstances that made her desolate, they would have done better.

May God have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Your sincere friend,
Solomon Wreathe.

"Oh! Mr. Illdreth, what terrible news!" Gertrude said, while the tears started to her eyes. "Poor child! To die so young, and by her own act!"

Wayne did not answer, but covered his face with his hands, retaining with difficulty his self-command.

"Let us go away, where we shall not be the centre of prying eyes," Gertrude continued with feminine tact and delicacy.

Wayne made no objection, and rising from the table, they passed out upon the balcony.

"Was not this young lady, of whose death you have just heard, the same person I met with you the day my father engaged our passage?" Gertrude asked as soon as they were alone.

"Yes. By blood we were no more nearly connected than first cousins, but she was a desolate, solitary child, whom few loved, and had attached herself to me, and wound herself more closely round my heart than I dreamed of till now."

"I think I can understand you, and you have my heartfelt sympathy; but if the question is not painful, may I inquire what this mystery about her was to which your correspondent alludes?"

"I am not sure that any one can satisfactorily answer that question. She was the child of a singularly gifted man, a mesmerist, and clairvoyant, and I know not what else, whom it was said compelled her mother to marry him against her own will. Poor Eve inherited her father's singularities, and from her birth was an object of antipathy to her mother, and this circumstance embittered her whole life."

Gertrude mused for some moments in silence.

"Do you believe in these gifts of which you have spoken?" she said at length.

"I scarcely know, or perhaps I should say I am unable to explain theories for which there is unquestionably some foundation. Eve sometimes exercised an indescribable influence over me when I was in her presence, and I was prepared to believe that she was not unfrequently in a state of artificial somnambulism (I can express my meaning in no better way) when she could exercise powers that certainly do not belong to ordinary humanity, and thank God they do not."

"Then you think she was aware of the power that she possessed."

"God only knows. She was more or less of a mystery to every one—even to me who knew her better than any one else. Sometimes I thought she exercised her faculties unconsciously, and again I have been inclined to believe that she acted from calculation though impelled by an impulse she knew not how to resist."

"Is it strange, but I have experienced something of this mystical influence of which you speak. When I was first introduced to her, the instant our eyes met I seemed to be fascinated, though here had a look of wild passion in them that I could never account for, and I had a horrible feeling that in some way I was completely subject to her will, if she chose to exert it, and it was days before the impression entirely left me."

"I can easily believe what you tell me, and can partially account for it. Mind acts upon mind to a far greater extent than we imagine, and this is particularly true when one is active and intense, and under the sway of a strong will or deep passion, and the other comparatively passive for the time being; but the electric currents pervading the whole physical system might I can conceive be made a powerful auxiliary in this direction had accident or research given one the power to control their ebb and flow."

"This is a new theory to me, and I confess the subject involves a chain of metaphysical reasoning for which I have no inclination. I have no skill at divining the mysteries of my spiritual being, and I do not know as I regret it. I am very certain I should not care to possess such a power as you have hinted at, or exist mental giles as made poor Miss Isle so miserable."

"Your idea is both correct and womanly," Wayne answered. "I hope never again to meet one in Eve's likeness, though I believe her singularities endeared her to me; and her loss has left a great void in my heart; but I did not think such a fate awaited her. It was better that she died young—for her life at best would have been stormy."

At that moment the clatter of hoofs was heard in the street beneath them, and presently after a dark, handsome youth, unmistakably Spanish in his dress and *paraphernalia*, came into view mounted on a handsome but diminutive gray mache richly caparisoned.

The young gentleman, or rather boy, for with the exception of the silky moustache that half concealed his full red lips, he did not look more than fifteen, was rather jauntily dressed in white trowsers and blue roundabout, the latter thrown carelessly open, revealing immaculate linen whereon blazed a small but brilliant diamond. He wore a broad-brimmed Panama hat set at rather a rakish angle, and his feet, decidedly feminine in their proportions, were cased in sporting boots of varnished leather armed with heavy silver spurs.

This much Miss Gertrude, with true feminine taste for propriety in dress noted in the general appearance of the stranger, while Mr. Illdreth observed that the *macho* he bestrode was an unusually fine animal, and that he managed him with the skill of an experienced horseman. The high-peaked saddle and silver-mounted holsters were all stylish in their way; and upon the whole the young *caballero* made a decidedly dashing appearance as he spurred up to the door of the hotel, sprang lightly to the ground, and in rather on authoritative voice called for the *criado* to take charge of his *macho* and see that he was well attended.

"That's a handsome little fellow," Wayne said, "and oddly enough he reminds me of some one I have seen—but what is the matter, Miss Gertrude? You are pale as a lily. Are you faint?"

"N—o, but our conversation taking such an occult turn, has made me nervous I believe. I am almost ashamed to confess it, but I fancied I felt a sudden thrill like an electric shock, and that your cousin's dark, passionate eyes were looking at me as they did the first time I ever saw her."

Wayne regarded his companion thoughtfully and did not reply—and at that moment the stranger glancing carelessly around observed a lady on the balcony, and gallantly touching his *sombrero* in acknowledgement of her presence, and passed into the hotel.

(To be continued.)

What He Meant.

H———, probably the most celebrated poet whom Western New York ever produced, used often in his younger days to "go on a bust;" in other words, "have a spree." It was after one of these occasions that a friend one day came across him, sitting in a wayside-inn, and apparently plunged in a state of the deepest despondency. The friend, thinking the opportunity too good to be lost, undertook to convince him of the necessity of reformation, and painted in glowing colors the ornament to society, which he might become, if he would only return to the path of rectitude.

"No," said Willy, sadly; "it's too late; I shan't live long; I feel it."

"But," said his friend, thinking to clinch his arguments by a quotation from a brother-poet, "don't you know what Watts says, that

"'While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return!'"

"Ah!" quoth Willy, "I suppose you mean to say that

"While the lamp no oil doth lack,
The darndest rascal may come back."

It is needless to add that the discussion was thereupon adjourned, sine die, and the poet still lives, and imbibes without restraint.

Queen Elizabeth's Toothache.

The story told by Miss Agnes Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," respecting Queen Elizabeth's toothache, and the horrid row that her Majesty made about it, is so good that it will endure repetition. It appears that the Virgin Queen was attacked with such a grievous toothache, that she obtained no rest either night or day. Her physicians, although aware that the drawing of the tooth was the only remedy, forebore to recommend it, knowing her terror of the operation. The Lords of the Council then took the matter in hand, and, after mature deliberation, decided upon the extraction of the hostile tooth. The courage of the lion-hearted Elizabeth failed her on this occasion; nor could the eloquence of her whole Cabinet prevail upon her to submit. In this emergency, Aylmer, Bishop of London, who was present at this grave debate, stood forth, and told her, "That although an old man, and not many teeth to spare, she should see a practical experiment of it on himself if she would be thereby encouraged." Whereupon the surgeon extracted one of his teeth, and the Queen's unwillingness was ultimately overcome.

☞ The following is popular in the army, and will be recognized by many of the returning veterans:

"Died, near the Southside railroad, on Sunday, April 9, 1865, the Southern Confederacy, aged four years. Conceived in sin, born in iniquity, nurtured by tyranny, died of a chronic attack of *Punch*. U. S. Grant, attending physician; Abraham Lincoln, undertaker; Jeff Davis, chief mourner."

Epitaph.

"Gentle stranger, drop a tear,
The C. S. A. lies buried here;
In youth it lived and prospered well,
But like Lucifer it fell;
Its body here, its soul in —— well,
E'en if I knew I wouldn't tell.
Rest, C. S. A., from every strife,
Your death is better than your life;
And this one line shall grace your grave:
Your death gave freedom to the slave."

☞ As much nitrate of soda as can be held between the thumb and finger, it is said, if thrown into a vase of water, will preserve flowers for the space of a fortnight. This may be an interesting fact for the ladies.

☞ Human existence hinges upon trifles. What is beauty without soap?

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year, ... $2.50
Two copies, " 4.00
Four copies, " 6.50
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club, 16.00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club, 35.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, ... 4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *sixteen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $3.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $6; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of The Lady's Friend and The Post, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, ... $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, ... $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with *the exception of freight.*

THE SEASIDE.

Already the thoughts of our citizens are turning towards the sea, and they begin to hear in imagination the resounding roll of the waves on the shore, and feel the delicious coolness of the air which blows off the wide Atlantic.

Cape May, which visitors are now able to reach by rail, through the enterprise of the West Jersey railroad, has again come rapidly into favor. Visitors at this old and fashionable resort will doubtless be as plenty as whortleberries the coming season. Cape Island possesses its peculiar advantages, as the visiting public know. The bathing is good and safe, the company you meet is generally of excellent repute and quality, and the beach, we believe, surpasses all its rivals in the abundance and variety of shells and "sea-shore diamonds."

To Atlantic City tens of thousands of course will go. Its nearness to Philadelphia and the dryness of its atmosphere are its peculiar advantages. The Camden and Atlantic railroad company have arranged an Express Train which will make the trip in about two hours, and crowds of our citizens, including large numbers of one-day excursionists, will doubtless take advantage of this rapid travel.

Long Branch has the disadvantage of distance, as compared with Atlantic city, so far as travellers from Philadelphia are concerned. Its advantages are its high bluff along the shore, and its well cultivated adjacent country, with the excellent rides it affords. Its bathing is more turbulent than at either Cape May or Atlantic City, which is a desirable thing for some, and undesirable for others who are weak or timid.

And now we may add that there is one great fault at all of these bathing places—too little attention to the comfort and convenience of the bathers. For instance, at Atlantic City, the only decent bathing accommodation we know of is at the United States Hotel, and we doubt whether even its house are authorized enough when the hotel is full. Every grown person who bathes wishes a room to himself or herself. He or she also wishes two towels, and these dry enough. They also wish their bathing clothes ready and dry at the appointed time of bathing. Besides, every hotel should have several summer-houses on the beach for their visitors to sit in. Even a house with the pretensions of the Surf House at Atlantic City, has none. Long Branch is tolerably well provided in this latter respect.

The only idea is to network a place of resort from the overbearing heats of summer, that all the bathing places would be largely resorted to were the comforts of visitors properly cared for. But landlords, as a general thing, we fear, are too greedy. They want to make fortunes in a single season. Therefore while charging high prices, they stint their tables in quality and even quantity, have too few waiters, grudge small expenses on their bathing-houses, and reap a full harvest one year at the cost of a season the next. All this is mean and unfair. Let us hope that this year a different course will be generally pursued, and that all the seaside hotels will be patronized largely by well-pleased and contented guests.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Gayworthys. A fresh, pure book, from the pen of an authoress whose story of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," won for her the high praise of those who think well and feel deeply.

The perusal of the "Gayworthys," takes us only into the simpler walks of life. We see little of the folly of the fashionable world; yet we learn that even among the quiet, simple, respectable classes of society, that sin, and suffering and misunderstandings exist, as with all the human race. In Ned Blackmere, we find a "rough diamond"—a "pearl imbedded in mire." Say, the pure, girlish, artless, loving little Sy—wins our heart from the first. Joanna tries our patience some, but wakens our sympathy and admiration in spite of it; while Cousin Wealthy Hoogs, embodies a type of womanhood that is lofty to grandeur, even in her everyday, simple life. Jane Gair is the "black sheep" of the story, and we fancy we know a good many like her in our world, with her soft, treacherous ways and self-deceiving arts. The characters are all distinct and well sustained—the aim of the book lofty and noble. It must succeed.

Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Mary, The Handmaid of the Lord. By the Author of "The Schonberg Cotta Family." Published by M. W. Dodd, No. 506 Broadway, N. Y. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

The Martyr's Monument. Published by the American News Company, N. Y. For sale by T. K. Callender, Phila.

Essays in Criticism. By Matthew Arnold. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

Conversion of the Roman Empire. By Merivali. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Songs For All Seasons. By Alfred Tennyson. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

Illustrated Life and Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Grant. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Extraordinary Case of Suspended Animation.

The Newcastle (England) *Chronicle* says: "A most remarkable case of suspended animation has occurred in Newcastle. One night a boy named Batey, about twelve years of age, went to bed after partaking rather heartily of some rhubarb tart. Next morning about six o'clock he awoke in great pain, and his father used some simple remedies to remove the pain, but his efforts were of no avail, and shortly afterwards the boy apparently died. Preparations were made for the funeral, and the father went to the register office to obtain a certificate for the burial, but this the registrar refused to give, as no medical gentleman had seen the lad while he was ill, and there was nothing to show what had been the cause of death. The father was recommended to go to the coroner, and see if an inquest should be held, and thither he proceeded. Mr. Hoyle, after hearing the particulars of the death, ordered a post mortem examination to be made, and Mr. W. S. Rayne, surgeon, was sent for on Thursday morning. Mr. Rayne was, however, out of town; and as the case was represented to be urgent—'the body would not keep this hot weather'—Mr. Bush (Mr. Rayne's assistant) got Dr. Carr to undertake the duty of ascertaining the cause of death. Dr. Carr and Mr. Bush, with their implements of dissection, and accompanied by the father of the 'deceased,' proceeded—two days after the lad had 'died'—to the house of mourning, where had been left the body of the deceased lad, with all the symptoms of grief around it. But conceive the astonishment of the father when he beheld his son, who had been dead, as he thought two days, standing in the doorway, as if nothing had happened. There was nothing ghastly about him. He did not appear like one who had visited the other world, nor like one risen from the dead; but he stood with the utmost unconcern, and with every sign of health and life about him. The astonished parent could scarcely believe his eyes, and the doctors almost began to think that they were hoaxed. The lad, however, told his own tale. He knew nothing about his narrow escape from being buried alive. All he knew was that he had been asleep, and on waking, as he found no one in the house—his father was looking for the doctors, and his mother was out, probably making arrangements for the funeral—he got up, and feeling very hungry, looked about for something to eat. Finding some eggs, he cooked them, after which he went out, in happy ignorance of his narrow escape from the grave and the surgeon's knife. Mr. Bush told the lad it was a good thing that he had 'come to life' when he did; if he had been but half an hour later he would probably have been killed in the attempt to ascertain why he had ceased to exist."

☞ The Pride of Profession.—Actors feel bitterly a sense of degradation in the fact that J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was a graduate of the sock and buskin. Why this should be the case, it would be rather difficult to explain—considering that actors as a class are notoriously anything but bloodthirsty. Soldiers, on the same principle, might feel degraded because Benedict Arnold bore arms, or clergymen in that a Borgia wore the crozier and tripple crown.

THE HAUNTED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BARBARA JOHNS.

It was September, and quiet rested on the old house in Darlington; one of those calm, still evenings, when not a breath swayed the leaves. The music of the birds was stilled; even the drowsy hum of insect life had insensibly faded away; and there, in that stately family mansion of gray stone, the mansion in which more than one generation of her husband's ancestors had lived and died, sits a woman, the light faded from her eye, and the rosy flush on either cheek blanched to a deathly whiteness. Warm, and soft as was the atmosphere, she felt it not. A shiver ran through her system, chasing away all its hopes, and whirling them like withered leaves over a path where no other steps would ever join her solitary track.

She was not well, she said, and truly white lips and ashen cheeks endorsed her statement.

"I will not see him—I will die first," while she tore the letter she held in her hand into long, slender strips, then gathered them up as lovingly, as though her heart repented of its sudden anger, and the wild light of her eye was quenched in tears.

An orphan from her infancy, she remembered nothing of the yearning maternal love that had watched over the first few months of her life, or of the blessing so long ago whispered by the lips of her dying father.

She only knew that they were young, and that they had garnered her in their affections, as their most precious treasure, and that the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," that scourge of her native climate, that fearful yellow fever which had desolated so many hearths, had in a few brief days left her fatherless and motherless.

An orphan, but not penniless, Cora St. Clair was surrounded from her earliest infancy with an almost regal magnificence. The St. Clair estates had been known for centuries. Still wealth was not to spoil this girl, who knew even then what it was to long for something higher, more satisfying and simple, and unostentatious, as people born in such circumstances not unfrequently are. She knew little of the power she possessed. She had a guardian, however—a shrewd, keen man of the world. He had no children, and perhaps Cora had found the softest place in his heart.

Be that as it may, when Guy Whitney found himself for the first time in his presence, it required all of his no little stock of self-esteem not to feel in awe, not to feel afraid that he would not sanction his suit.

Still he felt quite sure of Cora's consent—indeed, this had been granted—but how to speak to Mr. Burnside.

There was no choice; his visit had already lengthened beyond what he had at first proposed—"It must be done," and he nerved himself for the interview.

It chanced that fate gave him the opportunity sooner than he had expected. As he was going out of the door, he met Mr. Burnside coming in. Leaping at once upon the bridge of the occasion, he asked a few moments' conversation, and they re-entered the apartment.

Mr. Burnside was the most provoking of confidants. He did not smile, made no responses; he only sat bolt upright, and listened with the quaintest, most scrutinizing attention, looking the young gentleman straight in the face with those penetrating eyes of his. Guy Whitney told his story as well as he was able, said something of the length of time he had known Miss St. Clair, the intimacy with his family during the years she was at school in New York; his love, and his belief that she returned it—then paused for judgment.

Mr. Burnside's first question was with reference to the lover's fortune, mode of life, profession, &c. Answers being given, a quizzical smile shot over the broad face.

"Do you know the amount of Miss St. Clair's property?"

"I know that she is above want, and has ever been surrounded with luxury. I see nothing why I shall not be able to give her the same position." And Guy Whitney straightened himself nervously. To say the truth, he was vexed and humiliated by her guardian's manner, and began an indignant disclaimer as to interested motives. Miss St. Clair's fortune should be settled on herself; he had enough; he cared only for her.

Mr. Burnside interrupted him.

"If my ward is convinced of your affection, and favors your suit, I have no right, or even wish, to interfere. She is now of age to act for herself, her fortune is really in her own hands. If you will excuse me a moment, I will speak to her."

"What am I to do with this New York beau of yours, Cora? He has been plaguing the life out of me for the last two hours. Shall I send him home?" And there was a fatherly gentleness as he spoke, while Cora thought she saw a tear in the now soft eye.

"For this time, I think; but tell him he can come back in October,"—and the blushes deepened.

"Then you love him, Cora?"

"Shall I own I love him dearly?"

He looked at her a moment as she sat there in her girlish grace, her unclouded happiness, and there were tears this time in the eyes of the man the world called so cold. He could not bear to give her up, to let her go from him. Would she ever be so happy again? Was he not wrong in giving his consent? And yet he had no reason to urge why Guy Whitney should not make her happy.

All unconsciously he drew her to his side, placed his hand on her silken hair, and kissed the white forehead.

"Cora, you are sure Mr. Whitney loves you for yourself?"

"Yes."

"You know that you are very rich."

"I do not believe he sought me for wealth, I trust him perfectly," she answered bravely. But his words had struck a pang to her heart. Did her guardian doubt him? He knew so much of the world, could read the motive so much better than she could.

"It must be so. Cora, may you be happy," and Mr. Burnside brushed aside the tears and went back to Mr. Whitney.

"Well, sir, I find that you have now a consent more important than mine. Come back in October, she is a good child, deal kindly and tenderly by her."

"As I hope God will deal by me," said Mr. Whitney with a fervor that went farther towards winning favor with the guardian than anything else he had said.

Then the lover went again to Cora and claimed her as quite his own, took some kisses from the bright, red lips, and used the same old words, only with more delicious expression.

While for Cora, her eyes took a deeper blue, and she turned to him with a passionate earnestness he had never seen before.

"Oh! Guy, do you love me? Is it an entire, heartfelt love? Remember if you take me I shall love you very dearly, and I shall not be the wife to bear coldness nor half love. Do you give me all—all, Guy?"

"Cora, darling—do you doubt me? I am all yours, yours only. Will this satisfy?" A bright smile was his only answer; she did, she would trust him.

There was an earnestness in his words that she could not doubt, the shadow should not haunt her heart, she trusted him entirely, and satisfied herself to the full with these assurances.

He went away at last to return in October, and Cora to her own room to be petted and congratulated by her guardian and his wife, who now that they were about to lose their treasure, seemed to be jealous of the hours that passed without her presence.

So at last October came, and Cora stood dressed as a bride; Mr. Whitney was there, and never was more enthusiastic bridegroom. To him his blue-eyed darling, with her delicate, spiritual beauty, dressed in her robes of dazzling white, seemed a being fitter for heaven than for earth. He loved her with a love which was the essence of all that was best and noblest in his nature. Grateful for this rare boon he felt unworthy of so much goodness and grace, a fear lest he might not make her perfectly happy. Could any shadow ever come to haunt a heart so trustful? Any frosts to chill it?

"Cora, you do not doubt me?" as he drew her arm within his own. A look full of heavenly tenderness fell on him, and they passed on.

Soon—it was all over—priestly benison, congratulations—good-byes—and with sunshine on her head, and flowers in her pathway, Cora went back a wife happy and beloved. She asked no more of life than had been given her, and there she sits, this child wife.

"O, me! I cannot see him. To think that he married me for my wealth, while I gave him all the love of my heart."

She had been thinking of her early home, and then of her meeting with him, who for three years had been her husband. The first two happy years of her wedded life shone out vividly upon the page of her memory, and she recalled one by one all the dear associations of that happy time ere she permitted herself to review the late miserable months which had darkly overshadowed all.

"O don't, honey, go to saying such things, old Chloe knows somehow 'twill be all right when young massa comes."

"I will not see him, Chloe."

"Then dis chile see him sartin sure. Ise not going back to Orleans till I tell him my mind, dat's sure.

"A pity that he ever left," and the tears streamed over the white face. While Chloe with the privilege of nurse, for had she not had the care of Miss Cora from her babyhood, tossing her in her arms, and following her eagerly into her northern home, and for the last year, since her husband had been abroad, had she not cared for her more tenderly than of old.

"Young massa said I must comfort yer, take care of yer; how sad he was when he went away, and how happy you'll be when he comes back; remember what ole nurse say. Miss Cora will find something wrong somewhere. Not Massa Guy either."

"O, Chloe, don't talk about it, I am so changed, I don't feel that I can live; whoever saw such hands," holding up her hand, beautiful in its transparent delicacy, but fearfully thin. "A few months and I shall be in the grave; he can have his own way then."

"Oh, honey, don't fret in this way. It's a mistake all together. Ole Chloe can't tell how he loved yer; I'm sure yer were the care of his heart. And all these pretty letters since he went. God bless him! the kind young massa that he was!"

"Hark! What's that! Has he come, Chloe? Oh, how can I meet him."

"Sure, and it's the cars; he'll be here soon. But yer will dress, Miss Cora. It's paler than a ghost ye is."

"What does it matter?"

"At the best, honey, let ole Chloe dress yer hair."

"If you will hurry."

She sat silently musing while Chloe took down and smoothed the shining braids, apparently unheeding her employment.

"Now bathe yer eyes, and put on this dress; dere, I declare yer look almost as yer used to look in the ole home. Dere he's coming; be glad to see him, honey."

And Chloe hastily left the room, while Cora sat motionless. Even the manly step upon the stairs so long ago familiar to her ear, and welcome as music to her heart, failed to rouse her; and so she sat still with her small white hands clasped over her eyes, while her long absent husband paused at the open door for the greeting that should have welcomed his return.

He had been absent ten months ferreting out facts, and hunting up witnesses in a celebrated case that had now been for several years before the bar, and, on which some of the brightest legal advisers had wearied their brains uselessly.

Mr. Whitney was a tall, fine-looking man of thirty years—not handsome, perhaps, but with an open intellectual countenance that was a true index of the nobility of his character. Ten months! They had seemed long in passing, but as he stood in the familiar room, and noted the well-known arrangement of everything in it, it seemed but yesterday that he had so reluctantly left home.

The two first happy years of his married life had been spent here; he thought of the first months of his absence, the unreserved and affectionate correspondence of his wife, and the hope so often disappointed of being allowed to return home; and then he thought of the last four months during which he had only heard from her through the kindness of a friend.

When his letters to her first remained unanswered, he had attributed it to illness, and he wrote in his alarm to an old friend who resided in the near vicinity. There was nothing definite in the answer.

"Mrs. Whitney was apparently quite well, but very quiet, very secluded; does not receive visitors I am told, I cannot imagine why you fail to get letters."

Conjecture was baffled—he would drop all and go home, but this was not so easy to do; journeys to make, and papers to write; the young lawyer could not hasten. While visions of Cora, not bright and beautiful as she used to be, but pale and despairing, almost drove him to frenzy.

At last it was finished—he could return; how his heart bounded; the steamer was all too slow for his eager longing; and there he stands, the man that had endured so bravely. What had he done that he should be welcomed so coldly? A moment, and as his quick, loving eyes had noted the change in his wife's appearance, every trace of displeasure vanished from his thoughts, and pity, and astonishment succeeded.

"Cora!"

She started. It was the old loving tone for which she had so yearned. For a moment her eyes sparkled—she sprung from her seat with the old impulse to fly to his arms, but she stopped suddenly, her cheek again paled, and dropped nerveless into her seat.

"You are ill, Cora; what is the matter?" and his arm encircled her waist, his warm kiss on her lips.

"No, I am not ill."

She soon recovered her composure, the cold, haughty look so unnatural to her; and though her cheek and lips remained colorless as marble, there was no tremor in her voice as she congratulated him on his safe return—commonplace words such as she might have used in speaking to a stranger.

"Yes, Cora—and much as I wished it, I hardly knew as I should ever see you; we had a terrific storm only a few days out, and to all appearance, in extreme danger."

She rose quickly to hide her emotion. The idea of his peril had aroused something of the old feeling, and going to a table returned with her work-box—there was a necessity for something on which to rest her eyes.

He watched her as she bent her head over the work that she took from it. Pity, and the old love still controlled his rising displeasure at her coldness.

"Is this the old box?" as he toyed with a crimson cushion.

"It is not the same," she replied.

"And the old one?"

"I sent it to the lumber-room; it was somewhat worn;" she didn't tell him that she couldn't look at it for the tears, the dear old box that he had given her during the first days of their married life, and she had so often told him that no work of hers prospered, with any other tools than those the box afforded; she did not tell him all this; neither that it was well filled with rings, brooches—even the little jewelled watch—she could not bear them now.

"I should like the old box, Cora, if you do not mind it."

"I will tell Chloe your wish."

"And your music? How do you like the piano? I have so longed for the sound of your voice in those charming old songs we both used to love so well. Do you play much?"

"I have not opened the piano for four months. I believe I've lost my voice."

A cold tremor ran over him, for he remembered it was four months since this change? What could it be?

"I am sorry. I have looked forward not a little to the musical evenings that we would have if I ever got home again."

He sighed deeply as he spoke, for again the injustice of his wife, so in contrast to what she had once been, and a stern look, once quite foreign to his features, passed over his face. But one glance at the pale countenance, so changed from the rosy, merry one that he remembered so well, prevented the expression of the indignant thoughts already trembling on his lips.

"How to gain her confidence," he thought to himself. "My poor Cora, how much she has suffered!"

Day after day, however, Guy Whitney was doomed to disappointment. Try as he would, he could not break the icy fetters, could not get beyond the first limit. Any approach to the subject in his conversation with his wife, only served to increase the coldness and distance between them; and the fear of aggravating her really ill health made him doubly cautious.

Still he tried, by attention to her wishes, and by his constant care and solicitude for her health, to win back her lost love and confidence.

There was no change. At last he became discouraged, moody, misanthropic; life seemed valueless. Why should he waste his time in this way? No use—she did not care for him. His better nature was slipping away from him. What would Cora care? He could not remain so. There was another European trip in prospect; some one must go. There was no one to care for him—his wife had ceased to regard him. He would go. Thus he thought, and thus he reasoned, when one morning, as he had taken his cigar, and was quietly giving directions with regard to a saddle-horse he had just purchased, old Chloe came walking towards him, and wiled him into her garden, as she designated it, to see a rare and curious plant—she did not know its name or use.

"Massa Guy, old Chloe is in great strait 'bout Miss Cora. I'se afraid, massa, she's gwine to die, and it's all 'bout that letter."

"What letter, Chloe? Miss Cora is certainly sick. If I only knew what was the matter, I might possibly help her to get well."

"You can, massa, if anybody can."

"But the letter."

"Yes, massa, it was long time 'fore you came home—I can't jest remember the time. I was puttin' on her slippers, and she was laffin' and cryin' over a letter from you, when Peter came in wid anuther. I give it to Miss Cora, and she looked at it. 'This is not for me, it is for Guy,' she said. 'No, put it away, I'll send it to him.' I took it up to her drawer, where she kept all your letters, when she called me back. 'I may as well open it; it may not be worth sending; somebody may want some money or something.' She broke the ugly red seal, and as she read she grew so pale and white-like, I thought she was near fainten. 'Miss Cora!' sez I. She gave one little scream, and fell back clean gone. I picked her up and put her on the bed. She did not stir, and looked so white, all the time keeping the letter in her hand. The ugly thing, it made her sick for a week, and when she got up agin she looked awful. I kept tellin her when massa come it would be all right; but I don't see as 'tis." And Chloe adjusted her turban.

"Did she not tell you what was in the letter?"

"Not a word; only when she was asleep sometimes, she would cry out, and say something about not being yer lawful wife—something about somebody else havin a better claim; I thought perhaps yer could tell what she meant."

"No, Chloe, I don't know anymore than you do; but I will try and find out. I am glad you have told me of the letter. You do not doubt my love for your mistress?"

"Oh no, massa, I know dat; but Miss Cora may think something else."

"I'll see, Chloe. Your mistress is probably awake by this time."

Left alone, Guy pondered over this, more difficult than any question of law that he had found to unravel; there was some hope, he had a thread, he would follow where it might lead. His gloom was gone; curiosity was on the alert. Had he enemies—and who could have written a letter calculated to make a breach between himself and wife. He could not think of any person. No! there was no one, but Cora herself; he must ask her.

"I shall not ride this morning," as the groom brought round the horse ready saddled.

Old Chloe heard this as she was making her round, and a smile lit up her ebon features.

"I knowd massa make it all right. I told Missus so." While she kept steadily to her work.

"You are better this morning, Cora?" asked Mr. Whitney entered his wife's room. For a moment the pale face wore a look of satisfaction, then the light died away; while the long lashes drooped still lower.

"Chloe said you had gone to ride," as the silence became painful.

"I did order my horse—but upon second thought, concluded my business would not suffer, and so resolved to spend the morning with you."

"Thank you, you are very kind."

"I have been thinking of again going to Europe, Cora; if you were only quite well, I should not hesitate."

"If that is all—don't let me keep you;" and the voice was so sad, and low.

"That is not all, Cora; but before I can decide about going, I want you tell me what it is that troubles you? What has come between us? You owe it to yourself; you owe it to me. Tell me all about it. We shall both be happier."

Pillowed on the cushions as she was, she buried her face still deeper, while the tears streamed over her white fingers, and her slight frame shook with emotion.

"Nay, Cora, this will not do. If you will not tell me of your own free will—by your duty as a wife, I entreat you to tell me what has caused the change that is killing us both."

She attempted to raise herself, but was too weak to sit up.

"No, tell me here," and Guy Whitney knelt beside her, and kissed away the tears.

"By my duty as a wife, Guy. Then am I really your wife?"

"What a question! If you are not my wife, what are you then?"

"Ah! that is it, what am I?"

"My wife, my precious, darling wife, what put that into your head?"

"Ring for Chloe to bring me my old work-box."

In a moment it was before her.

"I did not mean to give you this," as she handed him a letter. "I received it some four months before you returned. I could not answer your letters after that. I could not, I dare not receive you as my husband after you returned."

"Why this is Aunt Martha's handwriting, and it is directed to her husband, my Uncle Guy Whitney, of Louisville, Kentucky. Did you not know that I was named for him?"

"O, Guy, how could it be?"

"Easy enough, Uncle Guy is my father's youngest brother, and a lawyer of eminence. He was expected in New York last winter, but was delayed so long in Washington, felt obliged to return home without the anticipated visit. Aunt Martha supposed him here, and wrote accordingly. Is it possible that this has made us so much trouble?"

"Only say that you forgive me, I did not think it could mean anybody *else*; and she called you her husband, and spoke of your long absence, I thought I could never see you again, I only wished to die. O I have been so miserable," and her head was pillowed on his bosom, there was no aversion now, while her arms encircled his neck.

"Only say that you forgive me, Guy, I can never forgive myself. What a foolish, dreadful mistake."

"A natural one, Cora; it shall not haunt us any more."

"I should have sent the letter to you, only I was afraid that you would never come back."

"Then you did love me, Cora; you was glad to have me return?"

"O, Guy, my heart went out to you every day, but I thought it would be wrong to treat you as my husband if another had claims upon you."

"And now you understand it, you will not shut your heart from me any longer."

"You shall know every thought if you will."

"This hour repays for all my misery, only be happy."

"But what of your European trip?"

"It shall be as you say, Cora."

"You will not leave me again," and she clung to him as a frightened child, not daring to look up.

"Be comforted, I will not leave you. Only get well. Let me see the roses on your cheeks, the sparkle in your eye—not till then shall I be satisfied."

"We shall be so happy, always so very, very happy."

"I told you so, Miss Cora, ole Chloe knowed it all the time; somebody must be wrong, but not Massa Guy." And Chloe smoothed the soft hair, and petted as a mother might have done.

"It's all right, Chloe;" and the heart so long haunted by phantoms of doubt and fear, was itself again.

☞ DEATHS OF CARICATURISTS.—The great caricaturists of the latter days of the Georges all came to gloomy ends. They, who knew so well how to make all the rest of the world laugh, were themselves the victims of distress and trouble. Rowlandson died in poverty, Hogarth died of a broken heart, caused by attacks upon him by Wilkes and Churchill, and Gillray, the most genial of humorists, committed suicide in a fit of melancholy.

☞ At Naples the Masini band of brigands were to be brought to trial. Among them are three young and handsome women, who, after having been carried off by the robbers, finished by joining them. Except one man and one woman all these brigands voluntarily surrendered themselves.

☞ Why is true wit like a diamond?—It cuts as well as shines.

Good for One Pound.

It is said that in a dockyard of England a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators, but he turned indignantly toward them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

☞ General Grant's father, in a speech at the Ohio State Convention, said: "He had been often asked if he did not feel proud of that boy of his. This reminded him of an occasion when this question was asked in the presence of a Dutchman, who interrupted him by saying, 'He isn't to blame; he couldn't help it.'"

☞ INDUSTRY.—There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. It conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

☞ *Grief*, in whatever measure it may exist, will always be most obstinate and dangerous in those unengaged in active pursuits, and who have consequently leisure to brood over their troubles.

☞ The Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, speaks fluently in six languages, and generally wears duck trowsers and roundabout and a sombrero hat. His wife, the Empress Charlotte, is a rather good-looking brunette, with a penchant for waterfall curls.

☞ THE GUADALQUIVIR.—Poets and novelists, male and female, find Guadlaquivir a convenient rhyme to river; but they should see the hallowed stream before they christen it silvery, or in any way commit themselves to color. The prevailing hue is that of pea-soup. But there is a law of compensation; the odor from the orange-blossoms renders the very air of its banks faint, heavy, and sick with perfume.

☞ APPLICATION.—"Dennis, my boy," said an English schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "I fear I shall make nothing of you; you've no *application*." "An', sure enough, sir," said the quick-witted lad, "isn't it myself that's always being tould there's no occasion for it? Don't I see every day in the newspapers that 'no Irish *need apply*,' at all, at all?"

☞ M. Plon, the publisher of Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar," printed 140,000 copies, and has been able to sell only 22,000 copies, which leaves him in a bad fix. He wishes the Emperor to reduce the price from ten to five francs. The latter sum is equivalent to $1.

☞ MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.—It must be a pleasant thing to be a newspaper editor in Australia. Apart from the peril of being continually pulled up for insulting the government, it appears that in the semi-barbarous districts the police assume the right of flogging them. The magistrate of Essegg issued an *order* prohibiting the inhabitants from buying their meat of a butcher across the Drave, who sold it a penny a pound cheaper than the town butcher. The editor of the local paper wrote a sharp comment upon the *order*, for which he was summoned before the town captain, who told him if he ever dared to write against the magistrate again he would receive twelve lashes!

☞ "A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins?" "Yes, very pleasant, indeed." "Good day for the race." "Race, what race?" "The human race." "Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one with which I sold Day." "Day, what Day?" "The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

☞ A novel accident happened on the New Jersey Central Railroad a *few days since*. A hogshead of molasses burst on a *freight* train and besmeared the track *for four miles* between North Branch and White House, to such an extent as to cause a following train to stick fast in the glutinous mess.

☞ A crazy German, in Indianapolis, named Youngblat, endeavored to commit suicide by driving a large nail into his abdomen with a large hammer. Failing in this he drove a smaller nail into his head, and this time "hit the right nail on the head."

☞ That was a queer freak the lightning took at a store in Rockville, Conn., last Saturday afternoon. It entered at the door in a vivid flash, which actually lit an oil lamp and left it burning, without leaving any other visible marks of its passage.

☞ A little girl just passed her fifth year, while chatting about the beaux that visited two of the sex in the same house, of more mature age, being asked, "What do you mean by beaux, Annie?" "Why, I mean men that have not got much sense."

☞ Sammy went to see his grandfather, a pious old gentleman, who was wont to discourse much to the young Samuel upon divine things. The lad, while taking a ride one day in his grandfather's carriage, after sitting for a moment in silence, inquired: "Is God everywhere?" "Yes, my child." "Is he in this carriage?" "Certainly he is." "Then all I've got to say is, he's having a splendid ride."

☞ Some years ago, when Saxe, the poet was running for Governor of Vermont, he met, one day, his old friend and brother Democrat, Chief Justice Redfield. "So," said the Judge jocosely, "you expect to be Governor!" "Yes," said Saxe. "I expect to govern myself under the misfortune of defeat, that's all." "Ah!" said the Judge, "it is a great man who is *governor* of himself!" "True," replied Saxe; "but he is a greater who is *judge* of himself." "His Honor" smilingly affirmed the decision, and so ended the case.

☞ "Mertumara" is the name recently given to a female child in Petersburg. It is the mother's first born, and it was determined that the name should be a novelty. We congratulate the mother on her success.

☞ The following is a copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

☞ A flock of butterflies, four miles long, passed over one of the inland towns in California, recently, for the north.

SLEEPING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

How white and still our loved one's face,
Like features carved from snow;
We miss their olden, laughing grace—
We nevermore may know.
Those hands upon her quiet breast
Will never clasp our own,
But they are folded, and at rest,
Their toil forever done.

Her brown hair falls like threads of light
Upon the pillow's snow;
And round her face, so cold and white,
The sunbeams come and go.
How fair our darling used to be,
The fairest one of all;
But death's for her, and life for me,—
The poor world's gilded pall.

Twine roses in the sunny hair,
With leaves of soft, dark green;
Pull oft the sunshine nestled there,
While shadows crept between.
Put one upon the pulseless breast,
Where life shall dwell no more,
Then lay her down to her long rest,—
Her cares and sorrows o'er.

LUCILE REMBRANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER,

AUTHOR OF "ORA, THE LOST WIFE," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Prior had scarcely expected Mrs. Rembrant to call so soon after her informal visit. In truth, she did not know whether to look for her at all until a more ceremonious call should have been made; therefore she was greatly surprised when, in answer to a ring at the door-bell, a servant announced her fair neighbor. She came forward to meet her crimsoned with blushes, and stammered a few confused expressions of delight; yet one glance at the one other occupant of the parlor proved the expressions false to the keen, clear perceptions of the visitor.

Mr. Steadman sat at the piano, and a seat beside him betrayed a recent duett practice which seemed to indicate a familiarity anything but pleasing to Lucile after what had passed. She bowed with indifferent ease, however, to the gentleman, and began a light conversation with Mrs. Prior, calculated to relieve her at once of her painful embarrassment. Mr. Steadman facing her, still upon the piano stool, joined them in a manner which he strove to render pleasant.

Yet the fifteen minutes of her call passed in misery to all. Mrs. Prior recovered her self-possession, but not the consciousness of appearing all that she wished to appear in Mrs. Rembrandt's eyes. After the painful interview of only a little while ago, she would not have had the man between whom and herself Lucile had been unwillingly placed, in her house, and so agreeably employed. She could not meet the clear, earnest, questioning eyes without a throb of bitter shame at her heart. And Mr. Steadman was himself no less ill at ease. An uncomfortable consciousness that he could not hide the objectionable traits of his nature from Mrs. Rembrant's understanding, had created a sentiment of dislike which made him suspicious of her and watchful. He had never liked her, simply because he felt her superiority. And now he regarded every look and tone, eager to discover any sign by which he might place himself upon his guard.

Mrs. Prior's confusion and Lucile's quick glance at himself, had alarmed him at first. As they sat and talked, the fear passed away. She was too agreeable and pleasant to suspect anything he thought, and nothing remained but his usual feeling of unrest when in her presence.

There is something in the purity and truthfulness of a noble nature which makes itself apparent to a weaker and more evil one, forcing it to shrink and quail instinctively. Such usually become enemies and pests in the path of the virtuous. The self-acknowledged contrast arouses all that is worst in a bad disposition, and if they cannot injure, they are sure to annoy.

Lucile, under all her calmness, was disturbed deeply. She had trusted this woman fully. Would she break her promise, and play her false in the end? With the danger looming up so darkly in her very presence, the desire to save her grew proportionately strong, and she was revolving in her mind expedients while they were talking. Her wishes became almost passionate in their intensity, when a little girl crept timidly into the room, and softly stole to her mother's side.

Lucile smiled and held out her hand, but the child passed unheeding, large tears standing on the pale, delicate cheeks. At the moment, Mrs. Prior was describing something animatedly, and paid no attention to the child's gentle touch, and soft, timid plea:

"Mamma."

Lucile's heart bounded and yearned with sympathy. The tone was so pleading—the little face so full of pain. She forced herself to remain quiet, and observe, while the mother talked on as if the little one was not there.

"Mamma, please," again came the tender little voice. Winning no attention, she ventured to catch her mother's sleeve and pull it lightly.

"Mamma—mamma!" a little louder, yet with unusual patience. The big tears were again dropping over her cheeks, and the pretty mouth quivered. When she again pulled her sleeve rather more forcibly, Mrs. Prior rose and quietly led her across the floor, put her out of the room, and closed the door.

"Children must be taught politeness," she said with a little laugh. "My little girl is stubborn, and I have to be severe with her sometimes."

With this apology, she finished her description, and Mrs. Rembrant rose to take her leave. Mr. Steadman stood up to bow profoundly, and the moment her back was turned upon him, resumed his seat at the piano. Mrs. Prior accompanied her to the door.

Lucile's heart had been heavy with indignation from the commencement of the painful scene with the child. It was heavier when she saw a little white-robed figure curled upon the floor in the hall, sobbing in the very abandonment of grief. With a quick movement, she glided forward, stooped and lifted up the little wet face, drawing the child within her arms.

"What is it, darling? What grieves the poor little girl?"

She yielded to the impulse, and put the question as she had bent to the sufferer, in defiance of the mother's presence. Her woman's heart would not allow cold conventionalities to come between her and the opportunity to comfort a human being—much less, when it was a child and helpless.

The poor little hands, almost transparent in their waxen fairness, trembled over her eyes, while the sobbing voice faltered through quivering lips:

"A pin sticks me."

"Where?"

"In my back down here," trying to reach the waist where her dress was fastened.

"Why, my child, you don't have pins in your dress," cried Mrs. Prior, now taking her from Mrs. Rembrant's hands.

"Yes, there is one. A button broke off when Mary was dressing me this morning, and she put a pin in its place. The breakfast bell had rung, and she was afraid I should be late, and you would get angry."

Mrs. Prior bit her lips slightly, but made a hasty examination, which betrayed the tender flesh cruelly pricked and lacerated. The linen was stained with blood, from which Lucile's reproachful eyes went to the mother's face. Mrs. Prior's cheeks were again crimson, and her eyes tearful.

"Indeed, I am sorry for this," she said to the little girl rather than her visitor. "Mamma had no idea that her daughter was in pain. She teazes mother so much about trifles, it is hard to know when there is real trouble."

Lucile longed to remind her that a moment's attention would have set all right, and the child, relieved, would have gone quietly away. She did not dare to go quite so far as that, however, for the sake of retaining her influence without exciting anger. So she silently stooped and kissed the little trembling lips, and turned to the door. Mrs. Prior held out her hand, and the eyes of the two women again met.

"Trust me," she said earnestly. "Trust me, in spite of appearances."

"May I without fear?"

"Yes. I have promised. I will not break it."

"I *will* trust you, then. May I say something to you without offence?"

"Certainly."

"Then—pray forgive me—perhaps you do not notice so plainly as others, but your child looks very delicate. If you are not very tender with her, you will not keep her long."

"Do you think her so very delicate?" and there was a genuine dash of fear in the mother's eyes.

"Look at the pale little face and wax-like hands, where you may trace each tiny blue vein. You will surely read your answer there. Let her come to us sometimes, and play with Flora. She has returned home, and I have just dropped her down with Mrs. Leland's little daughter until I drive back. She will be lonely, and delighted to have company as often as you will let your little one come to us."

"Thank you. I will be glad to do so at all times."

Mrs. Rembrant bowed and entered the carriage. She only made one more short call, and returned home. Contrary to her first intentions, Mrs. Prior had come almost last upon the list, and she was not sorry. What she had seen there, did not tend to make her feel very much inclined *for* social calling. She was glad to turn homeward, the cloud still upon her face when she reached it, only to deepen when she found her husband worse, as we have seen.

Mrs. Prior returned to the parlor to find Mr. Steadman slowly pacing the floor. He looked up to ask abruptly as she entered.

"Fannie, what has that woman to do with you and your affairs?"

"My affairs?" she stammered. "Why, what could she have to do with them?"

"That is what I wish to know. By her looks, I fancied that she either knew a good deal, or suspected much. She is a meddler, and you will do well to keep her at a distance. If you do not, you will sometime feel sorry enough. I warn you for your own happiness, Fannie."

Mrs. Prior bent her head, thoughtfully remembering her last words to Mrs. Rembrant, and yet unwilling that Mr. Steadman should know how far she stood committed in the late visitor's eyes. The man regarded her furtively. Fearing Lucile, he feared her influence over Mrs. Prior, and the glimpse he had caught of the scene in the hall had roused him. He now sought to use it in his own favor. Coming to her side, he sat down, and leaned his forehead upon his hand.

"Fannie," he said, deliberately, "do you know that I am very much disappointed in you?"

She stared at him blankly.

"I thought you a woman of wonderfully clear judgment and strong self will. Had anybody told me that you would allow others to step in and criticise you actions, or dictate to you, I should have laughed them to scorn. Now I find that both has and can be done with impunity. I am dreadfully disappointed."

"What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Prior, in alarm. How could he have learned what had taken place between her and Mrs. Rembrant?

"Do you think me blind?" he answered coldly. "I can see how she patronises you—how your cheek kindles at her sudden approach, as if her presence struck you with fear and confusion. You have not the privilege of controlling your own child, even, when she is by. I have noted it all with pain and distress. Tell me what power she has over you—what claim upon you? Without some peculiar hold, she would not dare to brave you as she does, and queen it over every action, as if you were her slave."

His eyes were fixed sharply on the little dark face, now dyed crimson with mingled resentment and shame. This man had power to make her rebel against the good influence which had been raised up to save her, while she knew that it was the crowning nobleness of womanhood which had placed Mrs. Rembrant a guard over her actions. Without her aid she must fall miserably—with it, she might struggle upward to more bracing heights, and regain her strength to act for herself safely. Never than at this moment, did she feel more strongly the need of help. The sense of his power over her was almost fearful, and she grew faint as he took her hand softly between his own.

"Fannie," he now said, very tenderly, "I am weary of battling against these outside influences. You have taught me how a man can love beyond all his wildest dreams of his own strength; and you have promised me that you would fly from this place, and make my life a heaven of joy and sweetness. You have not forgotten that night at Mrs. Gilmore's when you made me so supremely happy? Yet you have shunned me since, and put me off with all kinds of excuses, until I am half wild. I cannot understand it, unless, indeed, it is that woman's work."

"She is a good, true, noble woman," cried out Mrs. Prior, in desperation. "Never talk of her in that tone. I wish I could be so strong and lofty as she."

"Doubtless!" with stinging sarcasm, "she must appear a very paragon of perfection to some. But there are a few who can see deeper than the surface. She is young, handsome, queenly. She has won that old man's heart, and can twine him round her fingers. Why did she care to win him? He was rich, old, and very feeble. She will soon be free, from all accounts, and then—we shall see what we shall see!"

Mrs. Prior sat mute a moment.

"Do you think she married Mr. Rembrant for his money?" she asked earnestly.

"Certainly. What other attraction could an old man have for a young woman like herself? With all of her 'purity' and 'nobleness,' she has played her cards well. Lucian told me she had not a dollar of her own when she wedded his father. Fannie, I feel it my duty to warn you again of that woman, and to combat her influence as you would a serpent's. With her wonderful fascination, she is dangerous, for she is artful and designing beyond anything I ever saw. I have seen more of her than you have, and did not modesty forbid, could tell you something which could not fail to make you believe me."

The suspicions which had been awakened, had grown through all this interview, and he was resolved to get at the truth. The last arrow was well aimed. She roused visibly and demanded with some resolution—

"Tell me what you mean. I will know all about her, for my own sake."

"Shall I tell you indeed? Well, if you insist, I dare not disobey. But it is not pleasant. There is some one whom Mrs. Rembrant loves better than her husband, and, who had he not loved another too well, might have been tempted to wait for the old man's death. Do you understand me now, Fannie?"

She sprang up and faced him passionately.

"Do you tell me that this is truth? Would you swear it?"

"Have you ever known me guilty of falsehood?" he answered coldly.

"But will you swear this?"

"No. If my word is false, my oath would be no better," he answered again with freezing haughtiness. "Fanny I had not looked for this from you."

She was conquered at once, and sank back subduedly.

"Forgive me. That woman is indeed artful, and she would have deceived me fearfully. She knew all. She heard us that night in the conservatory, and before leaving the house whispered something in my ear—a warning. I understand it all now. And oh! I have been such a fool! I went to her, bowed my head and took her reproaches in humility—held out my hands to her in supplication for help, listening to her lofty words with a feeling of shame and self-abasement which drives me mad in remembering. Oh, the terrible, *terrible* woman!"

Mr. Steadman watched her furtively and smiled to himself as she rose and paced the floor in the impotence of jealous fury. He had triumphed—learned all he wished to know, and set up another opposing will against the one he most wished to over-match.

It was an hour later ere Mr. Steadman took his leave, and then it was with a promise wrung from the trembling lips which she regretted the moment the door closed behind him in spite of the distrust so lately awakened against Mrs. Rembrant.

The same night, while Lucile was sitting beside her husband telling of early wrongs, and avowing her intention of saving Fannie Prior, Mr. Steadman was galloping over a smooth road to a large farm-house ten miles distant, where it stood sheltered by large trees.

He rode into a lane at one side of the place, like one accustomed to it, and dismounting, flung the reins to a boy who led the horse away, while he entered a little gate and walked up to the house through the shrubbery.

On the open veranda sat a slender, girlish figure, wrapped in a crimson shawl. The light falling from a lamp within through a window showed her face thin and white, with traces of suffering upon it touching in the extreme.

A glad cry broke from her lips as he approached, and she half rose with arms outstretched as he bounded up the steps.

"O, darling, I thought you would come this evening," she said, laying her face against his breast as he folded her closely in his arms. "I was lonely, and wanted you so much."

"Did you, my pet? Well, I hope that ere long I may not have to leave you at all. Only be patient for a little while, and it will all be right. Our bright days must come soon."

"I trust they may. If I could only have my health I could bear anything else bravely enough. It is the illness that is hardest."

"I know it, my darling; and it is cruel that I *must* leave you to suffer alone. Oh, this poverty—this dependence! It is galling!"

"Well, never mind. We have borne it, and can bear it still. I shall grow strong out here in the country after awhile, and when you have set everything right at home we shall be happy enough. Do not let it worry you. Have you heard from your uncle?"

"Not yet. I think he must be from home. I wrote him, saying that I was visiting with my old chum, Lucian Rembrant. He thought me still at college, I presume I had not told him that I would be home during vacation."

"You did not hint at anything else?"

"No. It is best not to. It would only infuriate him. I am his heir, and his will is made. He has told me that I should never marry while he lived, and I gave him my promise. He is old and feeble. Ere long it must end, and then my troubles will cease. I can then take you home fearlessly, and care for you as you should be cared for in your delicate state of health. Oh, pet, it is very bitter—this waiting—with your pale, pale face to haunt me. I am weary of it, and wish it would end."

"Darling, hush! Do you know that you are wishing that your uncle would die. This is terrible. Be patient."

"I have been patient, Ellen, until it has ceased to be a virtue. I have grown heart-sick and desperate, and care very little for anything else, while you are ill and suffering, and I am forced to conceal our marriage, see you languish in poverty, and act a part that makes me hateful in my own eyes."

She comforted and soothed him with a true, womanly spirit, even in her weakness, bearing the part requiring most strength. After a long conversation he rose to leave, saying:

"I may wish to remove you from here in the course of a week. It will be best for you to be ready to go at a moment's notice. If I do not come back, in the meantime, do not be uneasy. There is a good deal to be done, and I will not remain idle longer. I have resolved to make something for myself, since my uncle refuses to depart, and leave me his money."

The last words he spoke lightly, stooping to print a kiss upon the pale cheek. She thought he meant to engage in some business, and gave it little thought. It never occurred to her that his words might have a deeper meaning.

A few moments later she saw his figure dimly upon the path, and then it was lost, as the sound of his horse's feet, clattering over the road, came back to her, growing fainter and fainter until nothing but the sighing of the night wind among the leaves could be heard.

Then the invalid took up a little bell within her reach, and rang for the maid to help her to her room. When she laid her head upon her pillow, it was with a lonely, desolate feeling; but no thought of distrust banished sleep, or stirred her heart to unwonted beatings. She had no thought of the black depths in the heart she prized, and while he went forth to betray her, she sank to slumber with his name upon her lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

One hundred years! In the sleep of the Orient it is as the passage of a night, leaving no footsteps to mark its progress. In the West it moves like a whirlwind, rending the old world asunder and changing its elements into new forms and combinations. Poor world-denizen of 1765. With an exultation akin to scorn, we view our advantages over you, and wonder if you could be happy under such inferior influences. But content is a plant of hardy growth; its seeds will germinate in the most sterile soil; it will flower in a desert.

Suffering and want are incidental matters little weighed in counting up the condition of an epoch. Its political intrigues and revolutions, its literature, its wars, its kingly doing, the feasts and processions of all with money and heart to feast and proceed—these form the great staple of history. Ye poor millions who, clasping hands with poverty and woe, march down desolate lives to unknown graves, what has history to do with you? There is no brilliant climax to be wrought out of your daily drudgings. The multitudinous heart-pangs that make up the sum of your cheerless lives. Ye are not fair food for poetry or romance; literature touches you as sunlight touches a desert, glossing the barren fact.

Yet some words of sympathy do vibrate through the years; occasional fiery appeals stir the sleeping generations; into the dreams of the centuries begins to enter something more than wild visions of the glories of the age. If we can believe the words of the poet:

"Dreams are the souls of mighty things to be;"

then may we hope that history will at length be written, and mankind fulfil in itself God's intention.

Yet is not this surely a pleasant and profitable age?

Leaving out some ugly facts of war, distress, commercial panic, and miseries unseen, and therefore not taken into the account, should we not station ourselves on the topmost towers of time, and proclaim our grandeur to the stars?

How proudly may we step out from the circle of a century. Doubtless deluded fanatics even then crowd from their topmost towers, yet what knew they of the steam engine or the railroad, of telegraphs or steamboats? Little dreamed they of monitors or photographs, breech-loaders or gas; water works were an institution unknown, education an attribute of the nobility, save when some aspiring brain of the people stepped into its magic circle; anthracite coal burnt about as well as granite; who had dared dream of steam agriculture? political economy, social statistics, geological theories, astronomical discoveries, medical progress, labor-saving machinery, pills numberless, and quacks whose name is legion,—did these good, easy souls when fancying Paradise reach in their reveries to such a pitch of glory?

Mankind is grand in adapting itself to circumstances. Comfort is often a happy associate of ignorant poverty. But woe betide him in whom a knowledge of better things is inwrought. If life holds over him the iron web of fate and forbids him rise to the level of his aspiration, content and he shall be strangers evermore. Suppose time, like the hand of a clock, marking centuries, were moved back one hundred years, and we, with all our appreciation of the present, thrown suddenly a century into the past, bearing in our hearts a dim sweet consciousness of what we had been, our brains thrilled with vivid imaginings of marvels of enchantment we had known, a fata morgana of the wonderful deeds of steam, a phantom lovely yet illusive, lingering sweet just beyond the verge of memory, how would we enjoy that good old year of 1765? Think you its mechanical expedients, its domestic comforts and conveniences, its travelling arrangements, its standards of necessity and luxury, liberty and education, its "scenes behind the scenes," would satisfy our craving of body and soul? Could we, like the bird that has warbled in India woods sing caged in such a desert? Would we not fade and die from pure sweet weight of a dream of better things?

But a truce to the past; what does the time to come hold for those fortunate souls, who a century hence will look back with pity and scorn on our boasted enlightenment?

The best image of the future is that of a vast temple, an edifice of unknown, gorgeous architecture, with numberless massive columns, with endless architrave, with sublime dome stretching skyward till touched by the wandering stars, lucent to the eternal sun of knowledge, whose rays ever pierce downward unto the silent depths of the grand fane. Imperial temple! the lustre of thy front is in our dazzled eyes; all else is hidden in a mist of impenetrable glory.

Yet with daring feet imperious man approaches the veiled gates, awful in their silent rebuke, stationed forms of all who have thought and acted to the world's good frowning down the vale, smiling upon the great of soul. It is useless to knock; no porter stands within. Sweep aside the veil, and a dim, impenetrable cloud forbids entrance, a mist sublime, with flitting phantoms of great things to be, seen in vaporous lines of grandeur.

Only unto those born to speak the magic "Sesame" is entrance granted, and to them but a step beyond the threshold, yet they ever bring forth levers wherewith to lift the world, and mighty mention of deeper mysteries pressing forward unto the dawn.

We are great in our ripened fruit. We are greater in our planted seeds. The roots of an earthly elysium are germinating now in the mind of man; ah, that we could leap over the slow years of its growth. Is nature exhausted of her possibilities? O, centenarian, during whose life the world has grown, mad with progress, could time lend you a second century you would scorn the boasted progress of your first lustrum. Where one man thought in 1765 a thousand now discover and invent; in 1965 a million, seeking glory and profit, will rack nature for the finest secrets of her frame.

Who can blame the world for not reaching forward with a larger grasp? Social reform strives ever with conservatism. Yet is conservatism useful? It is a heavy body politic we would lift; too great stress may raise a minor portion, yet must we return to uplift the rest; for the mind of the majority of a free people must stand at one common level of opinion ere present institutions can be stable or another upward movement be safely inaugurated. Yet in the end social reform must prevail. Conservatism is a rebel fort, sending streams of deserters to the Union batteries opposite and receiving none inreturn.

The world is trembling on the verge of discoveries mightier than any it has yet reached. Powers great and everywhere extending lie open to our eyes, wreaking ruin with their misdirected efforts, like a rude giant destroying to work off his surplus energy.

These powers are swift; we have taught them to girdle the earth with our thoughts. They wield a magic brush; we have made them our artist. Yet this is to them the idlest freak of play. Can we not chain their mighty energies and bid them labor? Teach them to turn our machinery, to heat and light our dwellings, to serve us in a thousand future needs which now we crave not after? We can and will.

Simplicity and temerity are nature's ultimatums. From the gross to the refined has been the progress of the nations—from the exterior to the interior. From the outward and obvious, man has reached through nature for the inward and hidden, finding still superior power and adaptability in every more interior force. Are we not now ripe to reach those most interior elements sleeping within and under all, those gigantic imponderables? True, in steam it is really heat we employ, but through a gross and costly medium. Yet heat, light, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, (so many aliases does the one magician assume,) lie, full of undeveloped force, passive to our grasp, could we once rein their wild strength.

Ye powers divine, quick teach some sterling mind a charm to lay on the wild neck of this steed of the desert! Down with King Steam! Electricity is growing unto the throne, and when he steps forward with his claim, who so bold will say him nay?

Am I wrong in associating greater force with greater tenuity? Professor Faraday asserts that an electrical force incredible—if anything were incredible—resides in a drop of water. Where do we find the greatest results with the least expenditure of material? Where but in the most interior operation known to us, the action of the human nervous system? Ye whose hands do such deeds of strength, did you ever reflect on the amount of fuel burned in your brain to yield that power? What are our bodies, viewed in this light, but the perfection of mechanical expedients? Where the fuel is burned there is the force evolved. This consumption is in the brain. Can it be that by the destruction of a few ripe globules of nervous matter we win the strength evinced in a day's labor, together with force employed in organic self adjustment of our frames? Almost incredible, yet beyond doubt.

Who, then, shall say what possibilities slumber in nature's nervous fluid? It shall yet revolutionize the world. I am no seer, yet I behold this new Samson rend the pillars from the great temple of Dagon, and the *old* falling crushed under its ruins while the *new* worships in a more glorious fane. Crime and poverty, woe and desolation, lie buried; peace, plenty, and happiness unto all men, is the rallying cry of the new dispensation. Time, with folded wings, broods above; he scarce can fly for gladness. Ah! that some mighty angel might take the world in his hands, and while we sleep twirl it a century onward, teaching us in dreams the grand realization our waking eyes should gaze upon.

Mathematicians, can ye not gather up the statistics of progress, and tell us in what ratio the world advances? All admit an increasing ratio of movement in every radius of society. Is this motion governed by a blind chance, or is it fixed and measurable? Would not this form a worthy branch of statistics? For some centuries past, a yearly, or at least a periodical calculation might be made, giving its relative importance to the conceptions of each period, and collating periods of great progress with the slow, just visible steps leading to all important discoveries. Could we find statistics enough to make the calculation tolerably comprehensive, and thus arrive at anything indicating a fixed ratio of progress, it would certainly prove a valuable addition to social science. In the past ages the world moved anything but smoothly, and the machine had a bad habit of being thrown from the track; but of late, though the world still amuses itself with wars, the wheels of industry are kept running in sublime indifference to outside matters, yielding plentiful food for such calculations.

ARTISTIC.—A witty artist, in one of our Western cities, met a poet-friend of his, the other day, from New York.

"I am perfectly delighted to see you," said the artist, throwing his arm affectionately around his friend's neck; "how long are you going to stay?"

"I think," said the poet, "that I shall stay as long as my money lasts."

"Oh! how badly disappointed I am!" said the artist, in a tone of deep sadness; "I hoped you were going to stay a day or two."

☞ "Too much spirits in the ports, indeed!" exclaimed old Beeswing to a friend. "I tell you there are ports without a particle of spirit. For instance, my dear fellow, just look at the Davenports."

THE SURPRISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE LOUISE.

Dearest, the Spring has come,
This morn I knew it first;
A subtle something quick
Upon my spirit burst.

What it was I know not,
But for some dozen days
I'd haunted the garden plot
And marshy meadow ways;

Hoping against hope that
I might meet her alone;
I've been so sad and wished
So much grim Winter gone.

I thought maybap the Spring
Might in her fair, cool hands
A spirit-balsam bring
From distant, palmy lands.

But though the lilac buds
From brown cups 'gan to peer,
And little birds to flit
'Mong the crisp leaves of last year.

I was not deceived; well
I knew she was not near;
And this morn I came forth
Not thinking, and lo, she's here.

IVORS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BERTHA BARTON.

CHAPTER I.

"The heir to Ivors! And *this* is my heritage?"

By his own desire Leigh Raymond had come alone to the home of his ancestors—the home that retained no place in his memory, if in his heart, for intervening years had obliterated childish impressions, and now he felt as much of a stranger as the veriest alien.

His tall figure was clearly defined against the background of moor and leaden sky, as he stood in the grassy pathway, his cap held carelessly in his hand, and his dark eyes, full of thought and fire, bent upon the scene.

The view was not a cheerful one to a young wanderer. The bleak moor stretched far and wide, until bound by the lowering clouds; Ivors, a rambling old building, overrun with luxuriant vines and shaded by tall, sombre-looking trees, loomed up in the distance.

"The heir to Ivors!" These words had been familiar to Leigh Raymond from early boyhood. If at times he had noted a deeper signification of *tone* than the words implied, he construed it as referring to the responsibility devolving upon him as the inheritor of a vast estate. He was proud of his title; proud of the broad lands which had been in the Raymond family for many generations; but his was that pride which ennobles the mind and elevates above all things ignoble. That a blot rested upon his name and a shadow hung over his life he never dreamed.

Perhaps some dim foreboding or prophetic warning dawned upon his mind as he stood there. Thoughts of duties carelessly assumed, and heedlessly formed projects, presented themselves, and more comprehensive views, and which excluded self, extended the broad mantle of charity to his fellow men.

With an effort Leigh shook off the feeling of depression which was gradually stealing over his spirits, and walked down the path with a firm, decided tread.

When he reached Ivors he again paused. There was no sign of human habitation visible. Lifting the knocker he let it fall heavily, and the sound resounded through the building. After the lapse of a few moments the door opened, slowly turning upon its rusty hinges, and a gray-haired man stood before him.

"The heir to Ivors!"

Leigh started; why the measured accents of an old man should have such an effect upon him he could not define! There was no word of welcome or familiar greeting. For the sake of the past Leigh would have warmly grasped the hand of his father's tenant, but his respectful manner was repellant in its coldness. "You are expected," he continued; "there is a fire in the library." The clang of armor could scarcely have echoed more loudly in Leigh's ear than the sound of their footsteps as they passed down the long hall to the library beyond.

The cheerful light of a large wood fire lit up the dark room. Leigh seated himself in an arm chair, and leisurely surveyed the apartment.

It was wainscoted, with deep windows, and shelves well filled with ponderous volumes; the furniture was in keeping with the general aspect, heavy and sombre.

Home! How strangely the word sounded applied to Ivors!

It was here that his parents had dwelt, and he and his young brother played as boys. So lonely and silent was the mansion now, he could not realize that the halls had ever rung with laughter and the hum of many voices.

For an hour Leigh Raymond sat there, indulging in dreams that would never attain fruition, and erecting castles only to crumble away. Can not we *all* recall some moments in our lives when we dreamingly traced our future in the coals, and framed pictures of our coming life? Thus with Leigh! It was a pleasant reverie, but never again would he dream over the glowing coals, with a heart which knew no sorrow, and anticipated no care, for when the fire died out, leaving only dead ashes, the visionary boy would be transformed into the thoughtful, self-reliant man.

Often by a shock, or a sudden revulsion of feeling, a fundamental change is effected in the heart and disposition; the future may restore some portion of what it has taken from the past, but we can never be the *very same again*.

The little clock rang out the hour. Leigh arose, and touching the bell ordered lights; declining refreshments, he closed and locked the door, to secure himself from intrusion.

"My quondam guardian, Sir Edward Lindsly, of Warwickshire, would accuse me of possessing no very retentive memory, if he knew that I had whiled away an hour, his letter lying unperused," soliloquized Leigh, as he took the missive from his pocket and glanced at the superscription—"Leigh Raymond: to be opened in the library at Ivors."

He read it through. One passage he read and pondered over; it was this:

"Should the contents of the package to which I have alluded pain or wound you (as I know it must) let it but serve to confirm your resolution, and renew your determination to contend with and conquer fate."

Walking to the escritoire, Leigh turned the key, and taking from it a small MS. resumed his seat.

The calligraphy was delicate and graceful; it was dated "May 1st, 18—," and ran thus:

"My boy! my little dark-haired boy, who is sitting at my feet, even now, as I write, looking up to me with wondering eyes, when you gaze upon what my pen is tracing, you will be shut out for ever from mother love and mother prayers.

"I am sitting in the Ivors library, where you will read these lines, penned by a hand long since mouldered into dust. I can bend and smooth your hair, and kiss your cheek, and clasp both of your little hands tightly in my own, and my tired heart cries out to know that you must miss all this so soon. You may call on my name, and I who ever heard your faintest cry will be deaf to your moanings! Oh, my little boy!—but I forget, I am writing to my noble, manly son, for when you see this you will have left childhood far behind you, and stand upon the threshold of twenty-one. Perhaps the first real grief you may know, will come to you through me, your mother; but if the disposition of the man may be traced in the boy, I now read in your eyes, that were I to withhold the truth, or keep back a portion of what I am about to relate, you would deem injustice done you. A sense of duty to our dead prompts me to tell you all. For one year the grass has been green upon your father's grave. I will soon rest beside him. You are the heir to Ivors! What a heritage to bestow upon you, my child! I can scarce bear the thought of the care it entails.

"I will be brief, Leigh; all is summed up in a few words. Long years ago your grandfather succeeded to the estate and title of Ivors. He was a morose, stern man. His only child, your father, was high spirited and willful. There was another inmate of the family, Holm Audley, the orphan son of Mr. Raymond's eldest friend. He was destined for the bar, but evinced a decided distaste for the profession. There had been a long-existing feud between the houses of Raymond and Rutherford, and when Vere informed his father of his intention to make me his wife, he avowed that he would never receive a daughter of the house of Rutherford, and threatened to disinherit him. But Leigh's will was as indomitable as that of his father. We were married, and left for the Continent, intending to remain until his anger was appeased. We little imagined that Holm Audley was endeavoring to ingratiate himself into Mr. Raymond's favor to the exclusion of his son.

"Vere wrote to his father, and received in reply that he had made his will, leaving his estate to Holm, and that he was for ever shut out from his heart and home. A few weeks later a telegraphic dispatch reached us, stating that Mr. Raymond was dangerously ill. We returned to England, but arrived at Ivors too late, Mr. Raymond was dead. Vere remained at Ivors until the day appointed for the reading of the will. A secret drawer of the escritoire, where the document had been deposited, was opened, but no will was discovered. A slip of paper was lying within it, upon which was traced, in almost illegible characters—'I have destroyed the will—Leigh is my heir. V. R.'

"Holm Audley was enraged at the failure of his plans. There was a lawsuit which resulted in your father's favor; he obtained possession of his patrimony, but at what a price! He was publicly denounced as the abductor of the will and the forger of his own father's name. Holm was the originator of these calumnies. Vere challenged him for casting such aspersions upon his character; they fought! Your father escaped unhurt, but Holm was severely wounded. He was a universal favorite, and public indignation was still further excited against Vere. Holm ultimately recovered and left England; a few months after there came tidings of his death.

"The tenantry, blinded by Holm's promises of concessions, regarded Vere in the light of an usurper, and rebelled against the salutary rules imposed upon them. His friends deserted him in this hour of trial, thus tacitly giving credence to the slanders against him. He was too proud to refute these calumnies; his haughty spirit had received a blow from which it could not rebound; his health failed rapidly; in two years he died, bowed in spirit, broken in heart he died, and I was left alone.

"It was now whispered that it were far better for the Raymonds to dispose of the estate *dishonorably* regained, and bury their name in the oblivion of foreign lands. I scorned the thought; to retire from the field of battle is a half acknowledgment of defeat. Pride of name and station will soon avail me little; but I think of the future of my sons.

"Leigh, upon you devolves the task of wiping out the blot from the Raymond name. Upon you falls the mantle of your father's unmerited disgrace; you must bear the burden beneath which he sank. It is no light legacy which I bequeath to you. If it were a matter in which, with one mighty effort, you would come off victor, it would not be so great a task; but it is the daily, hourly combat with *little things*, not sufficiently tangible to grasp, but mighty in strength. Keep the estate, Leigh; live down calumny and prejudice; do not allow cold words and frowns to daunt your courage. By the integrity of your life, the uprightness of your daily walk, *compel* men to yield the meed of respect to which you are justly entitled. Press forward until your father's enemies retract their opinions, acknowledge their error, and seek your friendship. I can but believe that you will make *this* the one object of your life, and consider no sacrifice too great to further its accomplishment. And now, your *brother, Leigh!* I do not speak of him last because he is less dear to me. He is younger than yourself, and therefore, if possible, the more entitled to your love and sympathy. Your dispositions are dissimilar. You are self-reliant, he dependant and confiding. If practicable keep from him what I have confided to you, until you have achieved your end. Leigh, so far as lies in your power, ward off the shadows from his life. I do not enjoin this as a duty, but commit it to you as a *sacred trust*.

"Farewell little children, too! I look forward to the time, when in the better land, I will clasp you both in my arms again. Farewell! my pen lingers upon the word, but it must be written. Farewell. YOUR MOTHER."

Leigh laid the MS. aside, and folding his arms upon the table before him bent his head upon them.

For hours he sat there motionless. What he thought and felt no one ever knew. His haughty spirit must have shuddered at the thought that the name which he was so proud to bear was covered with infamy. Doubtless blasted hopes and failed ambition rose up to mock him, and the dread reality, from which there was no escape, haunted him like a spectre.

After awhile he arose, and standing before the mantel gazed intently upon his mother's portrait that hung above it.

The bands of golden hair; the tender, radiant eyes, and smiling lips were true to life. How she must have changed before she wrote the words he had just read. He imagined the lines of pain drawn around the mouth; the pale cheek, and the patient look of the sad eyes. A new link seemed now established between them.

The gray dawn was breaking when Leigh went to the window, and drawing aside the curtains looked out upon the moor. His lips were compressed, and his eyes wore an expression of fixed determination. During his midnight vigil he had made a vow to bend every energy to the vindication of his father's memory, and to ever place his brother's happiness paramount to his own. If his countenance looked pallid in the early light, it was not that his heart was less brave and true, or that his vow would be the less faithfully fulfilled.

CHAPTER II.

"I am Leigh Raymond—the heir to Ivors."

A murmur ran through the group of tenantry assembled on the moor, as if the simple utterance of a name awakened long dormant passions; and their frowns and scowling looks were very ominous. Leigh calmly surveyed them. He knew that he had to cope with deeply rooted prejudices, fierce antipathy, and strong wills. He addressed them distinctly and concisely.

He spoke of how they had basked in the sunshine of the Raymond name for many years, but in the time of trouble forgot the gratitude they owed to the past, and forsaking their allegiance flocked to the banner unfurled by an alien.

"I bear the Raymond title and will redeem it from disgrace," he said. "Those who wrong my father in word or deed I do not claim as my people. I will not be surrounded by sycophants. Is my cause your cause?"

For a moment there was a profound hush; suddenly a young man, with a bright, honest face and smile, raised his cap and swinging it high in the air exclaimed—

"Long life and happiness to the heir of Ivors!"

An electric thrill seemed to pervade the tenantry, and simultaneously the whole group took up the words, until the moor rang with the cry. In terms terse but kindly Leigh spoke his thanks and well wishes; as he turned away the light of conscious power flashed in his eyes—he had gained his first victory.

The following Sabbath Leigh took his seat in the Raymond pew of Harlow church. He was conscious of being the subject of whispered remarks and unfavorable glances. Sitting in a side pew was a young girl with solemn brown eyes and golden hair. With folded hands and devout attitude she resembled the portrait of some fair saint, who had stepped down from the canvas. Once her glance met Leigh's, and their calm light fell upon his troubled soul like a gleam of peaceful holiness.

When the sermon was over, the rector, Mr. Harlow, joined Leigh, and the two walked down the aisle, out into the yard. While Mr. Harlow exchanged salutations with his congregation, Leigh stood alone—a ban set him apart from the rest; no eager friends pressed around *him*; the ordeal through which he had to pass was trying him even now.

A group of gentlemen were assembled a short distance from Leigh, engaged in earnest conversation. The words of one, spoken in a louder key, reached his ear,—the speaker was young Sidney Treherne.

"Have you heard of the episode with his tenantry? He has won them over, one and all, and now, instead of inveterate enemies, they are his most faithful adherents. I'll wager he possesses a noble nature, and will act as his conscience dictates, uninfluenced by public opinions. The father of such a son could never have acted dishonorably. I for one intend speedily to form his acquaintance."

At this juncture, conscious that he was the object of their remarks, Leigh moved away.

A few days after, as Leigh was walking slowly across the moor, absorbed in thought, something white was borne by the breeze to his feet. It was a little sketch book, and a few paces from him stood the fair saint with the solemn eyes. She smiled as Leigh restored the book; murmured her thanks, and then said, frankly,

"We are not altogether strangers. I believe I saw you last Sabbath at Harlow church?"

Her tone, low and gentle, seemed to imply that she knew his need of sympathy and friendship. Her heart could not deny the crumb of comfort a kindly word affords.

Leigh bowed.

"And you?" he said, smilingly.

"Mabel Chester, from Athlone."

"I love the moor," she continued, as Leigh walked by her side on her homeward way, "I am never so free and happy as when out on it. When the cool wind blows in my face, my thoughts often wander off in vain speculations where it came from and whither it is going! It seems to whisper of beautiful foreign lands, of distant sunny skies, and flowers, and I long to see them, to know something of the great world. Can one obtain correct views of life and things from books?"

"Not always," replied Leigh, "some books are doubtless true to nature, but others create images chimerical, false and visionary."

"I lead a dreamy life," said Mabel, "sometimes my reveries merge into aspirations and longings, sad and undefinable."

She sighed as she spoke, as if her soul had been sounding into unfathomable depths, and awaiting an echo which never came. When they reached Athlone, Mabel extended her hand, saying,

"I must now bid you farewell; my father is quite a recluse, and seldom receives visitors."

"If I call upon Mr. Chester and be so fortunate as to form his acquaintance, may I hope that—"

"My father's friends are mine," she said, softly, and then the slight figure disappeared in the open doorway.

Sidney Treherne called at Ivors, and invited Leigh to meet with a party of friends at Treherne Terrace, on the following Thursday. The invitation was accepted as frankly as it was offered.

Leigh kept his appointment.

Treherne Terrace was a spacious, elegant building, surrounded by stately laid off grounds. The stony terrace, blooming parterre, fountains, and statuary, presented a vivid contrast to the bleak dreariness of Ivors.

Leigh was shown into the library, where Sidney introduced him to his friends; he was soon engaged in an animated discussion with a county member, upon a late parliamentary debate.

The demeanor of a portion of the guests was coolly polite, as if to imply that they were constrained to a show of common civility only through courtesy to their host. Leigh had anticipated this; he knew that he must encounter many more such trials; the consciousness of right enabled him to look with contempt upon such little minds.

When the gentlemen went up to the drawing-room, Sidney Treherne linked his arm within that of Leigh, and introducing him generally, conducted him the whole length of the brilliantly lighted apartment, to where seated a slight, graceful girl, beside an open piano, carelessly turning over the leaves of loose music.

"My sister, Mr. Raymond!"

There was a droop of golden curls as the stately little head bowed an acknowledgment, a white hand was extended, a soft voice spoke, and Leigh found himself tete-a-tete with Miss Treherne. She was very pretty and charming. The violet eyes were at one moment soft and tender, then gay and sparkling; the color in her cheeks would deepen to crimson, then pale away to the faintest pink tinge, with every varying emotion; and the coral lips were arch and smiling.

A young Oxford student who had been entertaining a laughing bevy with humorous details of his college life, looked upon Leigh as having stolen one of his auditors, and pronounced him decidedly "in luck," and an officer from India who was graphically relating marvellous incidents of the perils he had undergone, mentally avowed that it was far more dangerous to encounter the glances of Miss Treherne's beautiful eyes than to enter unarmed an Eastern jungle.

As Leigh rode back to Ivors, beneath the starlit sky, his thoughts dwelt upon Miss Treherne, but when he sank to slumber he dreamed of the little moorland girl.

For once Mr. Chester threw aside his customary reserve and received Leigh's visits. Although scarcely passed the prime of life, he presented the worn appearance of an old man. His restless eyes indicated a spirit ever at war with itself, and his nerves seemed shattered and his mind impaired. Early in life he had sacrificed a large fortune at the shrine of speculation, and since that time had led a gloomy, misanthropic life at Athlone, with his only child, Mabel Chester.

Thenceforward Leigh's visits to Athlone were of almost daily occurrence. Was he learning to love Mabel Chester? He asked himself the question! The charm of Alison Treherne's society faded when from her side, but thoughts of the little moorland girl were ever with him. He had never spoken to her of love; he knew that she, so young, frank, and confiding, had never defined the emotion which caused her cheeks to crimson, and her dark lashes to droop, when he was near. The present was a beautiful dream that he scarcely cared to break for even a sweeter reality.

The weeks and months passed by, and the shadows of a sad destiny gathered slowly around Leigh Raymond, but he did not perceive their approach.

Calling at Athlone one morning, Leigh observed that the building was closed and silent. Upon glancing around he discovered a woman advancing toward him, from a neighboring cottage, holding a letter in her hand. Taking it from her, he eagerly plied her with questions; but she only shook her head in the manner peculiar to deaf persons. He opened the letter, it consisted of only a few lines.

"I may be a selfish misanthrope," it ran. "I do not attempt to justify myself. I only know that I am prompted to take the present step by an irresistible impulse. You love my daughter, and therefore I take her away from the fatal influence of your presence. I have been blind, but it is not yet too late to redeem the past. *Her* heart has not yet awakened, but you will teach her to love you. There are others, as fair, perhaps, as my little wild flower, free for you to win. I have but my *one*, and I will not share her love with another. Every throb of her heart has ever been for me. I never gave her flowers nor birds upon which to lavish her affection. We will leave for distant lands. Do not attempt to discover us—it will be futile. For a time Mabel's thoughts will revert to you there—she will forget. Adieu."

How bleak looked the moor—the moor she so loved—now that those solemn brown eyes would no more gaze upon it. How fiercely the blasts of wind howled by! What a gloomy aspect life presented! Leigh's heart echoed the words:

"Oh! the dreary, dreary moorland!—Oh! the barren, barren shore!"

CHAPTER III.

A year passed by. Leigh Raymond's integrity and independant course of action were at length reaping a reward. Those who once regarded the Raymond name with distrust, or as a term of opprobrium, now sought and welcomed the young heir. He readily distinguished genuine esteem from false flattery, and his demeanor was cold and distant to those whom he felt assured wooed his friendship from his newly acquired popularity. He was proud of the victory he had gained, but it did not bring him happiness, for the little moorland girl seemed lost to him forever.

Vere Raymond was still at the German University, where he had passed the last two years. His epistles to Leigh were characteristic of his volatile nature. "He longed to visit Leigh, to behold his grim castle, his sombre old fortress. The following summer he hoped to be with him."

And Leigh cherished tender memories of his young, light-hearted brother, whose happiness he had vowed to further by every means in his power.

The Trehernes were contemplating a tour on the Continent, and pressed Leigh to become one of their party. The first thought brought a thrill of joy to Leigh, for might he not meet with Mabel Chester in his travels? But his duty lay at Ivors, and duty was his watchword. With a sigh he put the temptation from him, and neither Alison's pleading eyes nor Sidney's argument could alter his resolve.

The winter months wore slowly away, spring returned again, and with it the Trehernes to Treherne Terrace.

Leigh was apprised of their arrival by a hasty note from Sidney:

"We are again at the Terrace, and impatient to see you. We encountered Vere at Ulm, and he returned with us to England. He promised to pass this evening at the Terrace, en route for Ivors. We will expect you also. S. T."

"We feared that you had ceased to remember 'Long syne,' and would not come to us this evening," said Alison's low, sweet voice, as with her beautiful eyes, radiant with pleasure, she greeted Leigh in the Treherne drawing-room.

"I gladly availed myself of the first opportunity to be with my friends," was Leigh's smiling reply. "The renewal of the past is to me very pleasant."

Standing in a bay window was a slight figure robed in mourning. Was it a delusion, or in reality *Mabel Chester!* No word escaped Leigh's lips, but never in his whole life did there come to him such a glad thrill of happiness as at that moment.

"My little moorland girl, I have found you at last—*at last!*"

"I suppose you have not heard," said Alison in a low tone. "We were staying for a week at Ulm; the quiet little town pleased our fancy. In the Cathedral one day we chanced to meet Mabel Chester. Her father was ill at the time. Mamma's sympathies were warmly enlisted, and when Mr. Chester died, she prevailed upon Mabel to join our party. She speaks of seeking out some distant unknown relatives who reside in the North, but we strongly desire to keep her with us."

Other gentlemen claiming Alison's attention, Leigh crossed the room to where Mabel stood, conversing with Sidney Treherne. There was no blush or trembling of the hand as she welcomed him, but Leigh felt assured that he was not forgotten.

Vere Raymond arrived late. The brothers met on the veranda; they conversed awhile upon the various events which had transpired during their separation, and then entered the drawing room together.

After exchanging salutations with his host and hostess, Vere's glance wandered around the apartment, as if in quest of some one. Perceiving Mabel Chester, he hurried to her side.

Leigh noted his brother's handsome head bent to whisper to his companion—the kindling of his eyes and his tender manner. Why did he stand for a moment as if spell-bound, gazing upon him, and then turn away sick at heart?

"Heaven help me!" he said. "My brother loves her."

How did he pass the rest of the evening, begun under such joyful auspices? Men may be by nature strong and brave, but they are weak in love, and it was long before Leigh could recall the memory of that time without a shudder.

Leigh and Vere Raymond passed in the library at Ivors, before repairing to their apartments. The former laid his hand upon his brother's shoulder saying:

"Vere, is there perfect confidence between us?"

Vere started, colored, and then said frankly:

"You have divined my secret, Leigh. But my hopes may never be realized," he added.

How boyish and happy he looked as he sat there, with the cheerful firelight flickering on the wall, and lighting up the dark room, dwelling upon his anticipations for the future, unconscious that each word conveyed an additional pang to Leigh.

Leigh's eyes were fixed upon his mother's portrait, and his vow rose up before him:

"I will ever place my brother's happiness paramount to my own."

How little did that mother imagine the misery her solemn trust would entail upon her son!

Vere ceased speaking. Leigh extended his hand and clasped his brother's. The words which he spoke came from the depths of a heart which had waived all personal considerations, and put aside self.

"Vere, I wish you success."

Vere did not divine the great sacrifice Leigh had made; he would *never* know it. The calm, dark eyes that looked into his were no traitor to the thoughts and emotions sealed within his breast.

Leigh took one last look out on the night—the strong agony of an abiding desolation swept over his soul.

"My little moorland girl!—my little moorland girl! come back to me!"

But the old house on the moor was tenantless, and the bleak wind brought back no answer to his cry; he turned away simply saying—

"It is *over for ever!*"

Leigh's visits to Treherne Terrace were not discontinued. He performed his part well. There were no more talks of the past with Mabel Chester; no more walks on the moor as in the days gone by. Mabel was pained by his coldness. Vere's attentions were unremitting; she was alone in the world and longed for affection; the pitying esteem which the consciousness of Vere's devotion awakened, gradually developed with love, and she promised to become his wife.

In only a single instance did Leigh allow to fall the mask that he had assumed. He was standing on the Terrace with Alison Treherne. The latter held a spray of starry blossoms in her hand, she extended it to Leigh, saying—

"A souvenir of this morning's ramble, Mr. Raymond!"

He took it from her with an absent, preoccupied air, and his glance wandered to the drawing-room window. Alison's glance followed his. *She* saw *only* Mabel Chester standing by Vere's side, her soft eyes raised to his, and a half smile parting her lips; but Leigh Raymond beheld, with a keen pang of anguish unmingled with jealousy, the woman he loved above all earthly things, bestowing upon *another* the smiles and loving glances which he would have sacrificed one half of his years to claim as his alone. He felt within his inmost soul, by that instinctive intuition, which is a part of our immortal being, that there was a secret cord within her heart that no other hand than *his* could *ever* awaken to music. He knew full well that she cared for Vere with a calm affection, but that she did not love him to the "depth and breadth and height to which her soul could reach." She would now never know her capability of loving; he alone possessed the power to stir the deep undercurrent of her life.

The engagement of Vere Raymond and Mabel Chester was not a long one. Sir Edward Lindsly was impatient for Vere's return to Warwickshire. In the sunny month of June they were married. Leigh beheld Mabel become his bro-

...with. When the carriage which bore them from the Terrace disappeared in the distance, it seemed to Leigh as if the sunshine was blotted out, and hope and happiness were only a myth.

Summer merged into autumn, and autumn into winter. From the lonely radiance of Ivors, Leigh often turned to the cozzy brightness of Treherne Terrace. Alison's society was a balm to his wounded spirit; her gentle kindness calmed and soothed him; he felt that he was not indifferent to her; she might teach him to forget.

Thus reasoned Leigh Raymond. He could not be so false to his nature as to woo Alison in lover's language—he only said—

"My life is dreary! my home lonely; make the sunshine of Ivors—be my wife!"

And Alison Treherne murmured thankful prayers for the great blessing of his love, and thought, in the humility of her heart, how little she deserved to be so happy.

"I am not worthy to be his wife," she would say. "I can never reach to the height of his noble thoughts, or attain to his level, but—he loves me!"

There was a brilliant wedding at the Terrace. Vere and Mabel were among the guests. Mabel's brown eyes wore their wonted calm, solemn light, but there had also dawned in them a tender sweetness, as if her soul had at length found its fullness of content.

And so Ivors received as its mistress the gay, bright little Alison Treherne from the Terrace.

Did Leigh's restless spirit now find rest? Were the yearnings of his soul satisfied? Did the presence of his young wife dispel the shadows from his heart and home? This remains known only to himself. If thoughts of the *past* ever rose before him they were successfully combatted, and if he some times dreamed of *another* face and form that might have moved through the old house, it was only momentary, and quickly gave place to the present.

Certainly no one would have imagined that Leigh Raymond had experienced the thrill of a hopeless love, if they had seen him as he sat in the large comfortable chair, drawn up before the library fire, at Ivors, his wife perched upon an arm of the chair, her little slippered feet resting upon a velvet hassock, and both of her hands, white as snow flakes, clasped in one of his. Her golden curls drooped upon his shoulder; her scarlet lips smiled upon him, and her radiant eyes looked into his.

"Ivors is grand and silent and gloomy," she was saying, "but I love it because it is your home. The old portraits seem to frown upon me when I sing and laugh in the galleries, and the shadows in the long corridors frighten me! The doors and windows should all be thrown open; the whole house lit up and enlivened by mirth, music and gayety."

She paused for awhile and then went on.

"We will have a grand party, shall we not, Leigh? and I will wear my beautiful wedding dress again!"

Leigh's brow became overshadowed. He disliked the thought of Ivors, rendered sacred by the trials, prayers, and tears of the past becoming the scene of gayety. But Alison was young and bright; did he not *owe* it to her, to make her life happy! He replied smilingly to her eager look—

"As your fancy dictates; you have my consent and carte blanche for your arrangements."

Alison's playful manner vanished; she took his hand and laid her soft cheek caressingly against it.

"Silent but respectful homage!" laughed Leigh.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways!" Alison repeated in a low, sweet tone. "You are undemonstrative, Leigh, you—"

"I am only a plain, dark man!" interrupted Leigh.

"I would not have you different for the whole wide world," cried out Alison vehemently. "You are my king, Leigh, and I will be ever loyal and true."

"It must be lonely for you in this old house," said Leigh thoughtfully.

"No, it is not lonely! Ivors is my palace, and some good fairy presides here and anticipates my every wish. I am a queen; this chair is my throne, and my kingdom—*you love!*"

She was so beautiful, winning and loving, that almost unconsciously Leigh drew her nearer to him.

"She is mine," he thought; "her whole heart with its wealth of devotion and trust is all *mine*."

Beneath Alison Raymond's light exterior there was pride, impetuosity, and a free, high spirit. You could read it in the curl of the lip; the poise of the pretty little head, and the flashing of the eye.

Her life was now like a fair lake, with calmly rippling waves, and water lilies resting upon its surface; but storms sweep over the calmest lake, and crush the flowers, and leave the waves to mourn for their lost treasures.

Myriads of lights, bright-hued flowers, and evergreen wreaths, transformed Ivors into a fairy-like palace. Alison made an early toilet upon the evening of her soiree. She stood before the mirror in her dressing-room, gazing upon the image which it reflected.

Her graceful figure was robed in white satin, with a delicate fall of lace; a little pearl comb looped up her curls, and pearls sparkled upon her neck and arms.

"He likes to see me look fair," she murmured. "I am glad to be lovely for *his* sake."

Lightly and swiftly she descended the stairway, humming a lively opera air. In the hall she encountered her husband.

"Do I please you, Leigh?" she asked timidly.

He smiled upon her; one of his rare, sweet smiles. Alison hid her blushing face upon his shoulder. The praise of his look was very dear to her loving heart.

"Will you not come down to the drawing-room now, Leigh?" she said, "and we will sing over some of our old songs before the guests arrive."

A troubled look stole over Leigh's countenance.

"I have just received some important dispatches which must be examined immediately," he replied; "but I will join you as soon as possible, Alison."

He bent down and kissing her, entered the library.

Alison went on to the drawing-room, and taking her seat at the piano, ran her fingers rapidly over the keys. A vein of sadness seemed to pervade the strains; she varied it to a gay air, but unconsciously wandered back to low, melting symphonies.

"Why should I feel so sad the night of my party?" she said, as she arose. "I will go up to the library; doubtless Leigh has dispatched all his documents."

Opening the library door, she softly entered the room. Leigh was sitting with his back turned to her. She glided up behind his chair, and looked over his shoulder, the next instant she started back and pressed both hands upon her heart. Leigh Raymond held a likeness in his hand, a fair face which Alison knew but too well; upon a slip of paper, inserted in the case, was traced in his writing:—

"Alas for us all some sweet hope lies,
Deeply buried from human eyes!"

"The *past* is ever present."

For only one moment did she stand there, but in that period a hundred conflicting emotions rushed to her mind. He had refused *her* request, to sit alone in the old library and gaze upon his boyhood's ideal. Incidents long forgotten, and which at the time made little impression upon her, now vividly occurred to her memory.

With pallid countenance she left the room as noiselessly as she had entered it. She stood by the centre-table in the drawing-room, as one in a dream; the fragrant flowers in the vase made her dizzy with their perfume; she heard indistinctly the roll of carriage wheels, and was vaguely conscious of her husband being by her side; then there was a hum of many voices, and she awoke from her trance to the reality of the present.

"It was a brilliant evening," so every one said; "Mrs. Leigh Raymond had never looked more beautiful or more charming."

It was over at last; the guests had dispersed; the drawing room was silent. Alison Raymond stood beneath the full blaze of light; her eyes had lost their radiance, her cheek and lips their crimson hue. Leigh came to her side—

"Well, Alison! little Alison—"

He started as she hastily withdrew her cold hand from his, and turned her pale face toward him.

"Do not offer me tender words," she said, "they are but mockery. I know it *all*, Leigh! all, when it is too late! You loved another when you made your *professions* to me. The first tenderness and garnered hopes of your heart were laid at her shrine. You asked me to become your wife to heal the wound. How blind I have been; how easily duped. I have poured out my love upon the barren waste of your heart. Oh! Leigh, I would have as soon doubted my existence as your love; my faith in you was so true and entire. Did I not see you this evening gazing upon her likeness! I was so proud to wear your love, to bear your name. I have been *deceived*, most cruelly and bitterly deceived!"

Leigh stood before her, with folded arms.

"Listen to my explanation, my justification, Alison," he said, in a low, deep tone, "I will be very candid with you. I once loved Mabel Chester, but sacrificed my hopes to further my brother's happiness; then I crushed *that* love forever. You were fair and lovable; there was a void in my heart, that I looked to you to fill. I have learned to love you."

"Yes," she interrupted, bitterly; "it *was* a lesson to be learned, letter after letter, word after word!"

"This evening I received an urgent business letter," continued Leigh, "requiring my immediate presence in France. I sat an hour in the library, endeavoring to make some arrangements to prevent my leaving you; but was impracticable. While searching for some important papers, I chanced to see the little likeness to which you refer, and looked upon her face for the first time since our marriage. To-morrow I must start upon my journey; before I leave I will take you to Treherne Terrace, to remain during my absence. Upon my return, I trust the past will be forever buried, and our future life may yet be brightened by peace and love. Alison, shall it be so?"

"You have deceived me, and I *cannot* forget," replied Alison slowly, as she passed him and went up to her dressing-room.

She dismissed her maid, and wearily seating herself before the mirror, proceeded to take the pearls from her hair, and lay them away in the jewelry case. She sighed as she caught a glimpse of her own pale face in the mirror, and laid her head upon the cold marble slab, saying:

"How happy I was a *few* short hours ago!"

A plain gold band glittered upon her finger—her wedding ring; it had never been taken off since *he* placed it there. How proud and happy she had been to wear it! She now kissed it with a low, passionate sob.

Early the following morning Leigh Raymond and his wife drove up to the Terrace.

"I have to catch the morning train, and have not a moment to spare," said Leigh hurriedly, in reply to Mrs. Treherne's inquiries. "Alison will make all necessary explanations. Where is Sidney?"

"He has gone down to Cornwall for a week's shooting," replied Mrs. Treherne.

Hastily bidding Mrs. Treherne farewell, he crossed the room to where Alison stood almost concealed by the heavy crimson curtains that shaded the window.

Now, upon the eve of parting, Leigh Raymond's young wife felt inexpressibly dear to him. Perhaps he thought of the change which had come over her, since he had taken her from her childhood's home, a light-hearted, merry girl. He felt a pang of remorseful pity as he bent down to her.

"My darling!" he said, "what can I do to make you happy?"

Alison's heart thrilled at the words and cried out,

"Love me, only love me!" but pride closed her lips.

Her eyes were calm and quiet; the hand she extended icy cold. With a look of keen disappointment Leigh kissed her, ran down the marble steps, entered the carriage and was gone. Then Alison turned from the window to her mother; her voice had the plaintive moan of one who had wrecked every hope of happiness.

"My coldness and pride have estranged him," she said; "we may have parted for ever! Mamma, dear mamma, do not question me. I will tell you all some time, now I cannot bear it; but no one else must ever, *ever* know."

The lonely dreariness of the days and weeks which followed were almost insupportable to Alison Raymond. What if fate had parted them for ever! How could she pass through the years of her coming life without hearing his loved voice, his familiar step!

One day there came a letter to Treherne Terrace, post-marked a little sea-port town, stating that Leigh Raymond was lying dangerously ill at a hotel.

"I must go to him," was Alison's only remark.

The suspense and anxiety of the journey told fearfully upon Alison. Might she not arrive too late! She reached her destination at last, but the joy she experienced at finding him still alive, was succeeded by a pang when she beheld his fever-flushed countenance and heard his words of delirium. Alison took her place by his bedside, and never left her post. One day as she sat there, hoping to perceive some change for the better, his eyes unclosed and wandered around the apartment, and his lips moved.

"Alison!"

The simple utterance of a single word has often the power to darken or brighten a whole life. *Her* name was the first upon his lips, when he returned to consciousness, and it assured her that she was the *first* in his thoughts.

"Leigh, dear Leigh!" she murmured.

"In the hour of sickness and of pain you have come to me, Alison," he continued; "but this fatal fever! What if my life may be preserved at the sacrifice of yours?"

"You were ill among strangers, and I could not remain away!" replied Alison. "Oh! Leigh, I would far rather die with you, than live without you."

There was no need of further words to prove that the shadows of estrangement had passed away; the future now held out promises, beautiful, pure and serene, to both.

The mist of early twilight were gathering over the moor, when Leigh Raymond and Alison returned to Ivors. A broad stream of light greeted them. They paused in the hall.

"Home," said Leigh, in an earnest, thankful tone.

The bleak wind blew through the open doorway in chilly blasts; Alison crept to her husband's side and laid her head upon his heart, softly whispering—

"Home!"

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

An Imperial Institute—Domestic Economy—Fashions—Fleas—High-jinks with a Dead Man.

Next to the churches, the Foundling Hospitals are more universally and widely disseminated than any other institutions in Brazil. Every city, provincial town, capital, or village of any commercial pretensions, has its *Hospital de Misericordia*, where inconsiderate mothers, who cannot conveniently find fathers for their offspring, deposit them unquestioned, to their own credit—the debtor account of the Imperial Government—and greatly to the advantages of the fortunate foundlings.

Any one to wander widely through the empire, and make himself familiar with the admirable economy of these public institutions, if he went nothing below the surface, would naturally conclude that patriotism is an inherent and ruling principle of the young ladies of Brazil—so devoted to the Government, that having nothing else to give towards its support, they give their very flesh and blood to be—supported by it.

No, there is never a thought of patriotism in the heart of one of them. It is simply a business transaction. A Brazilian mother puts out her baby at compound interest. There is no odium attaches to the husbandless mother who so conveniently disposes of her accidental olive branch, and so she draws her dividends in uncontaminated character, and interest in the care that Government bestows upon her animate deposit.

There is never a necessity of advertising, as we so frequently see done in the United States—"*Child to adopt.*" No inducement to leave babies in baskets on benevolent people's door steps, almost always begetting the natural suspicion that the little waif illegitimately belongs there. The Brazilian mother, having a "child to adopt," knows that the Government is always a reliable customer, a capital wet nurse, and an indulgent parent, and forthwith she goes to the *Hospital de Misericordia*, enters the dark vestibule, makes her deposit in the revolving receptacle, gives it a half turn, which introduces the young candidate to the interior of the institution, gives a vigorous tug at the bell-pull, draws over her features—all save one eye—the impenetrable *mantillo*, departs unknown, and as respectable as possible.

A liberal premium paid to vice, you will say, perhaps, these convenient receptacles of illegitimate infants. A wide mistake of yours. On the contrary, they are powerful monitors, always inciting to virtue. In the United States the horrible, unnatural crime of child-murder is more prevalent probably than in any other civilized country on the face of the earth, and we shall all agree that the mother who by circumstances has been driven to that degree of desperation, that in her madness she is induced to murder her helpless infant, is by the act made fit for ever after for any crime known or unknown to legal jurisprudence. Now with "Hospitals de Misericordia" established among us, the inducements to this terrible crime would cease, and a probability exist that the erring mother might be reclaimed. We are a hard-hearted, uncharitable order of Christians after all.

The children of these foundling hospitals are carefully reared, schooled as well as children are taught at the best schools in the empire, learned some calling by which to gain a livelihood, the males sent out into the world at twenty-one, clad like gentlemen, with a thousand *mil reis* in their pockets, and a certificate of good character. The females come forth at eighteen, or earlier if married, and in all cases a Misericordia bride is dowered with eight hundred *mil reis*.

Although the domestic household economy of the Brazilians is in almost every feature totally unlike our own, there is always something so consonant with the natural propensities of humanity about it, that foreigners from all countries take to it after a little while as naturally as flies do to sugar.

Beginning for instance with the early morning, and going through a day of comfortable Brazilian life, you will see that their domestic habits and arrangements have several claims to serious consideration. First, there is your bed—a thick, elastic mattrass of wool, covered with stout, soft-dressed leather—in this tropical world it is a great deal more comfortable and wholesome than feathers. There is your pillow—only one—a long, lusty one, stretching the width of the bed—of wool also, round as a stove-pipe, and red as blazes in its sheath of beautifully dressed morocco leather. There is a world of wear, and two of washing saved in these woolen cylinders. A pair of heavy, lead-colored woolen blankets are a necessity. They never show dirt, absorb the humidity of *adobe* bed chambers which are always damp, and tangle the legs of flees, so that it is difficult for them to assault you in bed.

Instead of bundling out of bed in the morning, and bustling about in the kitchen, getting, or seeing got ready, a seven-o'clock breakfast, it is very comfortable economy—everybody soon comes to think to have a cup of nice aromatic coffee brought to your bedside by a tidy black cook, whose services you may have for five *mil reis*—$2,50 per month, with a mere trifle added for keeping, and having sipped at leisure the delicious beverage, you lie back and dream until called to breakfast at half-past nine. The white-sanded, hard-wood floors are far more comfortable than everlasting Brussels, Axminsters, Kidderminsters, Wiltons, and "ingrains." There is no jaunting up and down stairs. Your household world is all on one floor. No steams and fumes of cooking compounds odorizing the house and unappetizing its inmates—the details of the *cuisine* are all conducted in a *cozina* separated from the living establishment. You soon fall into the fashion and learn to like it of taking light wines with your dinner at three, and your cup of coffee with a bit of bread and butter or *dulce* an hour later. You admire the fashion of having all the fire and fury, and soapsuds and *slosh* of washing removed to a mile, or perhaps a league from your observation, and your garments presented to you spotless and immaculate, without your having any idea whither they have journeyed to undergo purification.

It is true you are always under the necessity of keeping an eye on your help—but don't you have to do that everywhere, pray? You must keep your closets and cupboards locked and carry the keys always in your pocket, and deal out edibles and potables as they are required for service, otherwise the *sables* will pilfer. You must charge the exact quantity and quality of every article you would have purchased at the grocers or in the market, and count out the exact sum to pay for it. Otherwise *blackie* is sure to purchase an inferior article, reduce the quantity and rob you. These little annoyances, however, are mere *bagatelles* when offset against the comforts and exemption from labor in the Brazilian economy of housekeeping.

Discussing Brazilian domestic fashions brings us by a natural sequence to the consideration of their costume fashions. There is no other country on this continent in which the people nationally are so well and fashionably clad as the Brazilians—that is if we make the Parisian standard the rule, as we all do to a great extent. Now in the United States we always fall into Parisian *le bon ton* about the end of its European reign, whereas the Brazillero having no originality of fashions, constant and frequent communications with France—naturally neat in matters of dress, fond of frequent change, and always provided with hides and coffee *ad libitum* wherewith to purchase the newest and best of—plenty to wear, lay hold of all the French modes within two months after their earliest Parisian appearance, and present themselves to the world as the best dressed people in America.

From fashion to fleas, is something of an unusual and awkward jump. Nevertheless, as I overlooked the little skipping torment in my glance at the insect pests of the empire, I may as well, perhaps, have a bit at him here.

Fleas abound everywhere throughout the empire, but in the sandy southern regions they abound most, and in the city of Rio Grande *do sul* they absolutely swarm in countless millions. With an average of three lazy, filth-loving Africans to every white person—or straight-haired claimant to be such, for there are few, very few, entirely fair Brazilians, and I should say about three lazy, worthless cur dogs to every *nigger*, and hundreds of hide warehouses packed to the lofty ceilings with dry hides, Rio Grande is the very hot-bed of fleas. *Terra Pulga* would be, it seems to me, a designation for the city, more appropriate than Rio Grande.

Let us take a brief glance at the nuisance in one of the better-class dwellings, which are almost all, in Rio Grande, in the second story of immense buildings, the ground-floors of which are used for the storage of hides. Of course the fleas which are generated down below, at the rate, I suppose, of a million or so to every hide, can easily enough hop up stairs, and they do—perhaps one-third of all the lower millions—and wage, unceasing, distracting war upon unfortunate humanity.

At a select evening party, a dazzling little Brazilian beauty enchanting you with some brilliant *La Farfalla*, *Sulla Rosa*, or *La Capinera*, suddenly starts to one side, bangs a key minor into an alto shriek, wriggles and fidgets in her seat, misses a note here, lays in a semiquaver there, leaps up abruptly, kicking over the music stool, cuts a pigeon-wing, pirouettes, kills Cubas in a spider dance, whirls like a mad dervish, shakes dimity and satin furiously, and resumes her stool and La Norma, relieved of a legion of fleas that have been biting her into utter madness.

You resume your listening admiration for a minute or so, and then—*vip*—up across your knee, goes the tiny satin-slippered foot of the lovely little Sultana senora seated next you, and with a nervous, impatient "*Ah me perece sta pulga aqui*," (Ah! I think there are fleas here,) away goes crinoline to garter-land, or a trifle beyond, perhaps; a vigorous flea-hunt is instituted, the red invaders are expelled the territory, and down goes the foot and costume, peace having been permanently established for five minutes in that region, to break out in war in less than two probably in some neighboring territory. And thus goes on to its conclusion the evening's entertainment.

The Brazilians assert, that when once you have been flea-bitten over the entire surface of your person, you are for ever after exempt from the curse of fleas. Now I always observed in Rio Grande, that the younger the senora, the more she wriggled and twisted and fought fleas, falling off in their frantic fidgets gradually as the ratio of age increased, until it reached about thirty, at which period I observed the ladies were scarcely annoyed at all by the pests. Thereupon I guessed that in Rio Grande a lady's age could be ascertained with a greater degree of certainty than in any other part of the world that I had any knowledge of. It might be measured pretty accurately, I concluded, by means of the flea-guage—or, more properly, perhaps, the flea-ometer.

The leap from fleas to a corpse may be quite as absurd as that from fashion to fleas. But as I see no especial necessity for consecutiveness in such fugitive sketches as these, the positivity is that the jump might as well be made in that direction as any other. Besides, it occurs to me just here, that one of my last acts of neighborly kindness performed in Brazil had a good deal to do with a dead man, and some of the incidents of that act, though utterly ridiculous, and in our country would be disgraceful, were really rich. The comedy of *The Dead Man* may serve as a proper enough afterpiece to the more serious drama of the "Flea Hunt."

There lived, and one day died, over across the street from my residence, a middle aged Spaniard, whom I had no acquaintance with, or knowledge of further than that rumor reported him to be a rich man. Yes, I know that the two brilliant young senoras, his daughters, flashed in our eyes more costly diamonds and wore more extravagant brocades, satins and lace, always when they passed us going to or coming from mass, than any one else in the city.

Don Antonio died at noon; along towards sundown, my wife and Gracie went in, as did a score or so of other ladies living in the neighborhood; and about nine in the evening I got a dispatch from Mrs. Cosmo to come over—I was wanted. I went over, and found directly that what was wanted of me was to shave, wash, dress, and lay out the dead man.

There was an evening's entertainment that I should willingly have dispensed with. But they wouldn't dispense with me. Not a bit of it. The widow, daughters, my wife, Gracie, ladies, and a half dozen lazy, lounging senors smoking cigarritos, all besieged, and I succumbed, to circumstances and my good nature. So stripping off coat and vest, and rolling up sleeves, I went to work.

On the bed, in the front room, where all the party were assembled, sat the dead man, just as he had died at noon—bolstered up in end with pillows, his eyes glaring wide open, under jaw fallen and tongue lolling out at one side, the lips drawn rigidly back in the last mortal agony, revealed the white gleaming teeth, and the long, thin face bristled with an inch of black, wiry beard—ugh! What a subject for a comedy.

The old razor they furnished, might have done service in cutting *manioc* or skinning bullocks for a generation, but it wouldn't shave. So I sharpened it on a brick and went at the hideous dead man again. I slashed, and hacked, and sliced off skin—it was lucky he had been dead too long to bleed much. I dragged him down on his face, shoved him over on his back, and his head hanging down off the bed like that of a calf's out of a butcher's wagon. I slashed through the upper li[illegible] the tongue half off, and after full an ho[illegible] desperation, perspiration, and I fear a few [illegible]licious *carrahhos*, I accomplished such a shave as neither the dead man or myself either, ever experienced in this world, I know.

And all the time, there were—the widow, daughters, friends, and neighbors, drinking wine, sipping coffee, smoking cigarritos, snapping bread balls at each other, and all chatting as merrily as though there had not been a corpse within a hundred leagues of Rio Grande.

Having achieved the shave, I observed to the ladies:

"The senoras had better retire now, I wish to wash and dress Don Antonio."

No one moved; but Dona Florine, the new widow replied:

"It is no matter, Don Carlos. Go on—it won't hurt us. It's only a dead man."

So they went on with their amusement, while I dragged Don Antonio off on to the floor, stripped him naked, washed him thoroughly, bundled him on to the table in the centre of the room and dressed him, not one of the half dozen lazy fellows present, ever offering the least assistance.

I took myself and family home at midnight as thoroughly disgusted with that evening's entertainment as I could well be.

I received a most pressing invitation from the widow to attend Don Antonio's funeral, but I respectfully declined. I had had quite enough of that dead man.

Novel Love-Making.

At Desborough, a small town in Northamptonshire, there is a gentleman engaged in some manufacturing business, named Benjamin Riley. Mr. Riley, some time since, determined to marry one of the young women employed in his factory, named Mary Ann Paine. But having before his eyes the fear of Mrs. Grundy, the worthy manufacturer has taken the novel course of publishing a justification of his conduct in the columns of a local newspaper. In his advertisement Mr. Riley tells his work-people and the townfolk in general that he is anxious to do everything openly and above-board, and he feels they have some sort of right to ask his reasons for so flagrant a breach of the conventionalities. Accordingly, they are informed that the marriage is not to take place till May next, and that in the meantime Mr. Riley will have his "intended," as he calls her, educated to a level with himself; for, "of course, to unite himself to this young woman now would be very foolish indeed, I having been favored with a good education and cultivation, she an uncultured factory girl." Mr. Riley has, therefore, advertised in the *British Standard and Patriot*, and in a few days his advertisement will be in two other papers, for "a lady, a member of a Christian church, to instruct in various branches of useful knowledge, a young lady whose education has been neglected." Liberal terms being offered, nine Christian ladies have already responded to this appeal, and no doubt others will apply, so that there will be a good field of choice, and Miss Paine will also, says Mr. Riley, if nothing prevents, "have a very voluminous correspondence from myself." The result expected is that, by the wedding-day, the young lady will be pretty well informed in ordinary matters, have learned to play fairly on the harmonium, to read the French language with ease, to write it fairly, and to speak it with tolerable fluency. Mr. Riley having thus made a clean breast of his matrimonial designs, has (so he says) ordered the publisher of the *South Midland Free Press* to send a copy of the paper in which the *expose* appears to all the factory-workers in his employ.

☞ THE ORIGINAL BLOOMER.—As the topic of "Woman's Dress" is again being largely discussed, it may be interesting to know something of the original "Bloomer." The Seneca Falls Courier, in noticing the call put forth for a dress reform convention, at Rochester, next month, records the fact that Mrs. Bloomer, now residing at Council Bluffs, Iowa, long since abandoned the costume introduced by her, and which still bears her name. She may now be seen in the fullness of her years and skirts.

☞ Why is oak the worst wood to make a wooden leg?—Because it produces a corn.

☞ The only man who can untie the Tom-fool knot. Judge Wilde, of the Divorce Court.

NATURE, THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—Night levels all artificial distinction. The beggar on his pallet of straw snores as soundly as a king on a bed of down. Night—kind, gentle, soothing, refreshing night, the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift to the poor; for the great there is no time fixed for repose. Quiet, they have none; and instead of quietly waiting the approach of events they fret and repine, and starve sleep and chide the tardy hours, as if every to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes roaring past, keeping eager expectation on tiptoe, and drives timid slumber away.

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by

COD LIVER OIL

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, but *not otherwise*. John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 719 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. may6-3m

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 22 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 232 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price, $2 per bottle. Call for

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND street, NEW YORK je17-3m

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

LIFE, GROWTH, AND BEAUTY TO THE HAIR.

"London" Gray "Hair Color Does Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Hair "Hair Color not Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Changed "Hair Color Stain Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" without "Hair Color Any- Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Dyeing. "Hair Color thing. Restorer."

It is the *Only Known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dressing Combined*. Delicately perfumed.

1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make it grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions.
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $6 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. je24-eowtf

HEALTH FOR THE SOLDIER!—For one who dies from the effects of the bullet, ten perish from damp and exposure to night air. Small doses of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, taken every other night, will correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, purify the blood, and insure sound health to every man. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.00 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THESE OF COX'S INFALLIBLE DYSPEPTIC PILLS, taken one at a time, will effect a certain cure. Dyspeptics should apply for them at once to Samuel C. Hart, 24 South Second street, below Market, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of June, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. GEORGE W. CRAWFORD to Miss MAGGIE NICHOLS, both of this city.

On the 22d of June, by the Rev. Dr. Jones, Mr. JOSEPH KER to Miss MARY E. SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 13th of June, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. T. JEFFERSON LIPPINCOTT to Miss BECKIE JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 17th of June, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN PATTEN to Mrs. LIZZIE WILSON, both of this city.

On the 13th of June, by the Rev. John W. Leadenham, THOMAS H. RAWLINS, of Montgomery county, to MATILDA SPRAGUE, of this city.

On the 22d of June, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, GEORGE A. ROGERS to CAROLINE WOODS, both of this city.

On the 29th of May, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. CHARLES H. WILSON to Miss ELIZA TURNER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of June, ROBERT ALLEN, aged 70 years.

On the 29th of June, Dr. G. N. RICKETT, in his 63d year.

On the 26th of June, MARY A. BERRY, in her 72d year.

On the 26th of June, JOHN P. COLEMAN, in his 37th year.

On the 25th of June, JOHN G. CLARKE, aged 27 years.

On the 23d of June, CHARLES D. BAXTER, in his 24th year.

On the 25th of June, MARRIOTT PRIPPS, aged 37 years.

On the 26th of June, WILLIAM R. FORNWALD, aged 31 years.

On the 24th of June, MRS. SARAH J. RITTENHOUSE, in her 26th year.

On the 26th of June, ABRAHAM HENDRICKS, in his 62d year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. EYRE & LANDELL. 1865.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

☞ SNAKE.—A French priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the door being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of the district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

☞ It is said that the infant son of the Prince of Wales is to be christened Albert Christian Emmanuel. He will be known under the name of Prince Christian.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2,400 head. The prices realized from $12.50 to 15.00 ⅌ 100 lbs. 1800 Hogs at from $12 to 12.50 ⅌ 100 lbs. Sheep—2200 head were disposed of at from 4 to 7 cts ⅌ lb. 145 Cows brought from $35 to 80 ⅌ head.

WHAT MATCHLESS BEAUTY

Lingers on every glossy wave and riplet of her lovely hair.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS

For crimping and waving ladies' hair. *No heat used and no injury to the hair.*

They are put up in beautifully lithographed boxes containing one set (1 doz.) assorted lengths, with full directions for use accompanying each box.

No ladies' toilet is complete without them. For sale throughout the country. Retailers will be supplied by any first-class Jobber of Notions in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. Manufactured only by E. IVINS, Sixth St. and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. jy8-1y

COFFEE! COFFEE!

A RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

To answer the numerous inquiries, "Why I advertise Coffee roasted without Water or Lard?" I will explain the difference of my mode of Roasting Coffee—except one point—and that pursued by all others, thus:

The system here is to put the Coffee into the Cylinder, and BURN—literally true—it, as fast as possible. While the Coffee is thus ready to ignite, and often burned black, a large quantity of water is then thrown on it, which, being converted into steam, liberates any virtue left in the Coffee by such miserable method. Many may ask, What is the reason for all this? which is easily explained.

Water Cools the Coffee rapidly, and allows them to return it in shorter time. The dealers are pleased also, because they get back the Coffee from the Roaster—Burner at a trifling loss—the Water restoring the weight lost by burning.

The Water places the Roaster in the position to do a large amount of burning—on time. Twenty to twenty-five minutes is the usual time they allow for burning.

HENRY CHAPMAN'S system is this—except one point not divulged—Forty minutes is the time which my Coffee gets, and is then cooled without Water or Lard—thus retaining all the natural oil of the berry and flavor—not having been drawn or the strength evaporated by dashing Water on the heated berry. The Grease which others put on is to restore this natural Oil.

HENRY CHAPMAN,
932 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,
(Late Withers & Peterson,)
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my9-1y

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG,

A collection of the most beautiful Vocal Compositions of Beethoven, Von Weber, Mendelssohn, Abt, Schubert, Kucken, Gumbert, Reichardt, Krebs, Spohr, Proch, Keller, and others. With Accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

The above work forms a new volume of the popular class of Music Books known as the "Home Circle Series," comprising "The Home Circle," 2 vols., "The Silver Chord," "The Shower of Pearls," and "Operatic Pearls,"—bound in uniform style, and sold at the same prices, viz:—Plain, $2.50; Cloth, $3; Cloth, full gilt, $4. Sold by all Music Dealers. Copies mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. je6-tf

"MAGIC PICTURE CARDS."

Each picture disclosing upon close examination much more than is at first seen! NEW, UNIQUE, CURIOUS, PUZZLING and AMUSING. The whole set, with EXPLANATORY KEY, sent, post-paid, for 30 cts. or, four sets to one address for $1. AMSDEN & CO., Publishers, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND, my13-3m Philadelphia.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec 17-tf Box 226, Boston, Mass.

NO JEWELRY HUMBUG.—RITTER'S PORTABLE DESK AND CHECKERBOARD combined, contains 20 writing and sewing notions. Agents wanted. Sample mailed free $1,25. A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to J. W. STEPHENS, 239 Broadway, New York. ap15-3m

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

HUMPHREY'S
SPECIFIC HOMŒPATHIC REMEDIES

HAVE PROVED, from the most ample experience, an *Entire Success*—Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the highest praise from the profession, the press, and the people, and will always render satisfaction.

No.	Cures	Prices of Single Boxes—Cents.
1	Cures Fevers, Congestion and Inflammation	25
2	" Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, &c.	25
3	" Crying Colic, or Crossness of Infants	25
4	" Diarrhœa of Children and Adults	25
5	" Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6	" Cholera Morbus, Nausea, or Vomiting	25
7	" Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Neuralgia	25
8	" Toothache, Face Ache, Ear Ache	25
9	" Headaches, Sick Headache, or Vertigo	25
10	" Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach, Constipation	25
11	" Suppressed, Scanty or Painful Periods	25
12	" Whites, or Weakness, Prolapsus Periods	25
13	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15	" Rheumatism, and Rheumatic Pains	25
16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Intermittents	50
17	" Piles, Internal or External, Blind or Bleeding	50
18	" Ophthalmy, Sore or Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
19	" Catarrh, Acute or Chronic, or Influenza	50
20	" Whooping Cough, or Violent Coughs	50
21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
22	" Ear Discharges and Impaired Hearing	50
23	" Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
24	" General Debility, or Physical Weakness	50
25	" Dropsy and Scanty Secretions	50
26	" Sea-Sickness, or Sickness from riding	50
27	" Kidney Diseases, Gravel, Renal Calculi	50
28	" Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges	$1 00
29	" Sore Mouth, or Canker of Adults or Children	50
30	" Urinary Incontinence and Wetting the Bed	50
31	" Painful Periods even with Spasms	50
32	" Sufferings at Change of Life	$1 00
33	" Epilepsy, Spasms, and St. Vitus' Dance	1 00
34	" Diptheria and Ulcerated Throat	50

FAMILY CASES.

Case of 5 vials, in morocco case, Book complete $10 00
Case of Twenty large vials, in morocco, and Book 6 00
Case of Twenty large vials, plain case, and Book 5 00
Case of Fifteen boxes (Nos. 1 to 15,) and Book 3 00

☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or the single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, free of charge, on the receipt of the price. Address,

Humphrey's Specific Homœpathic Medicine Co., Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, N. York.

Dr. HUMPHREYS is consulted daily at his office, personally or by letter, as above, for all forms of disease.

Dyott & Co., Philadelphia, Wholesale Dealers. Retailed by all Philadelphia Druggists.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine everywhere. may 27-3m

JAVA,
MANILLA,
RIO COFFEE,
SPICES,
Splendid Nutmegs,
&c., &c.
HENRY CHAPMAN,
932 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE, No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je15-1y

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 695 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CURL YOUR HAIR.

Samples of Prof. Robb's CURLIQUE sent free. It beats the world. It will curl the straightest hair the first application in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing ringlets. Samples sent free. Address, with stamp, *Prof. B. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.* jy8-4t

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number of this Magazine opens with an engraving appropriate to the season, called "ON THE CLIFF." It is a beautiful picture of two lovers enjoying the repose and freshness of the seashore—and makes one long for the dash of the breakers against the rocks, and the smell of the salt waves. The Double Fashion Plate for this month is quite brilliant. The other engravings are the "Bridge of Sighs," and the usual number devoted to new styles of dress, &c. We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR JULY.

STEEL PLATE—On the Cliff.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Bridge of Sighs—Waist of White Cashmere, (back view)—Waist of White Cashmere, (front view). Trimming—The Watteau Costume, (front view), Sacque Jacket—Watteau Costume, (back view).
MUSIC—Thread Gutter.
THE SILENT NUN. By SOPHIE MAY.
ONE IS MISSING. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
STEPHEN COURTLAND'S PET. By ANNIE RUSSELL.
SNOWFLAKES. By EDWIN R. MARVIN.
SWEET AGNES. By MISS ANNIE F. KENT.
PEGGY MARTIN'S STORY. By EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
TWILIGHT.
OUR CHILD. By MARCIA HOPE.
THE POLLY. By ANNY ALICE.
DARLING MINNIE. By FRANCES HENRIETTA BERKSFIELD.
JOHN SMITH'S BROTHER. By FRANCES LEE.
BALLAD OF THE BOATS. By JULIA.
WHY? TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY E. L.
WORN OUT. By H. S. CORBY.
THE BATTLE FIELD. By M. FLORELLA BIERNE.
NOVELTIES FOR JULY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4. To those desirous of making up clubs, specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combined every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won), over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, oct23-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Patented May 13th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect* and *regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c*; requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—is NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent *Free*.

All orders must be addressed to
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
je24-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

$6 FROM 50 CENTS.

Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT, febis-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

GOOD BOOK AND PICTURES, sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.—"Chesterfield's Letter Writer;" "Etiquette and Usages of Society;" "How to Wo and Win;" "Courtship Made Easy; "Family Physician." Each book contains 64 pages. 15 cents each. Colored pictures of all the Generals and battle scenes of the war. Size 12x18, 12 cents each. Ten for $1. Catalogues sent free. Address RICHARDS & ROCHE, 161 Division St., NEW YORK CITY. jy1-3t

USE OF TOBACCO

In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for Two DOLLARS, by DAY & SON, ap1-12t New Haven, Conn.

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 369, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. je10-10

UNITED STATES
7-30 Loan.

THIRD SERIES,
$200,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

7-30 LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation*, which adds *from one to three per cent.* to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a			$50	nett.
Two cents	"	"	$100	"
Ten	"	"	$500	"
50	"	"	$1,000	"
$1	"	"	$5,000	"

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $600,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
MAY 15, 1865. PHILADELPHIA. ap22-3m

THE CELEBRATED
CRAIG MICROSCOPE,

Combines instruction with amusement, and lasts a lifetime. The best, simplest, cheapest and most powerful Microscope in the world. Gotten up on an entirely new principle. A beautiful gift to old or young. Magnifies nearly 10,000 times—a power equal to twenty dollar complicated Microscopes. The only instrument which requires no focal adjustment, therefore can be used by every one, even by children. Adapted to the family circle as well as scientific use. Shows the adulterations in food, animals in water, globules in blood, and other fluids, tubular structure of hair, claws on a fly's foot, and in fact there is no end to the number of objects which can be examined in it. Liberal discount at wholesale. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circulars. Price only $2.50. Beautiful mounted objects $1.50 per dozen. The Pocket Novelty Microscope, companion to the Craig, for examining living insects, seeds, cloth, skin, wool, bank bills, flowers, leaves, &c., is a compact and handy instrument. Price only $2. Also, the new and beautiful folding Bellevue Stereoscope, which magnifies pictures large and lifelike. Price $3. Choice Stereoscopic views, $3 per doz. Any of the above instruments will be sent pre-paid on receipt of price. Address G. G. MEAD, my27-3m Thompsonville, Racine Co., Wisconsin.

$125 A MONTH!—AGENTS WANTED every where to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark 2d Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment*. Salary and expenses, or large commission, allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

$70 A MONTH!—I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a Month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

WANTED.—Fifty men wanted to sell a Patent Machine in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Also in all parts of the United States. It is useful to every family. Address ALBERT I. RICE, jy1-2t Boston, Mass.

DRS. BASSETT & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $5 to $50. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, 50c. to $1. Repairing. References. Office, 245 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25 3m

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GERMAN, febi7-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

BEREFT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNIE SEARS FISK.

The days are dreary, beloved, since you went,
And took my light from me,
And left me only darkness, oft I lift
A yearning prayer to thee,

That thou wilt come when all the house is still,
And bend on me thine eyes
A little time; thou com'st not! it is well,
For how could I but 'rise

To follow thee from all the earth apart,
Out into endless woe,
Or roam eternal, love, to be with thee,
Wherever thou might'st go!

And God hath called me not, so I must wait
A little longer yet,
To wake at night and mourn thro' all the day,
For how can I forget,

Or but remember all that I have lost,
And weep and yearn to be,
Wretch that I am, weary and most forlorn,
At rest, oh, love, with thee!

Sketches from the Old Homestead.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 1. Cousin Laura.

Years have passed, and again I sit in the east door of the old homestead. Lengthening shadows stretch far over the garden wall as they did in my childhood, when, lying on the green sward, I watched the dark figures growing into gigantic proportions and disappearing in the deepening twilight.

Reader, can you wake no sleeping memories of a gray house with mossy roof and time stained portico, with tall closets and small windows? Can you revive no glowing pictures of broad fireplaces, where whole ranks of the grand old monarchs of the forests sung and sparkled themselves away to smoke and ashes? Can you revert to no tall poplars wailing melancholy dirges in solemn file?

To such a cherished spot, sacred for its storied memories I return, and visions of the past flit before me. Best of all do I remember the great garret, dimly lighted by two little windows. There on rainy days I would creep away, close under the eaves, to hear the patter of the drops, the foot falls of the water spirits on the roof, and listen to the half melancholy music of the wind lingering through the poplars, or moaning from the thousand strings of the old pine in the corner of the yard. In those childhood hours I had visions, bright and beautiful as the first born children of Spring, and I treasured them in my heart as a cherished thing.

Cousin Joe, with his manly step and merry voice, brought sunshine to the old homestead when he came, as he said, to look at his little cousins. His curly locks became in some mysterious manner entangled with my heart strings. His keen black eyes peered down into the little flutterer, and saw what a tangle it was in, and he kindly tried to undo the kinks. Yes, he used to spend hours with me at the little garret window listening to my favorite music, and just as I had succeeded in undoing that obstinate tangle he was summoned away on a long voyage; then the farewells and the promise which he made me give that I would think of him every night and every morning, and oftener than I did of any one else, put the little heart strings all into a flutter again. But they are straight enough now, though I think of Cousin Joe oftener than I do of any one else, because I make it a matter of principle to keep my word. Heigh-ho! I wonder when he will come back? I just want to tell him I have remembered my promise these long years.

The queen of our little group at the old home was Cousin Laura. She is embalmed in my memory as an assemblage of all that is lovely in woman. But Cousin Laura's romance put strange spectacles on her eyes, and the whole town held up their hands in astonishment when she married. A strolling Frenchman carried her off. A diminutive, uninteresting person he was, who dropped down among us penniless; had been robbed, he said, and wished to mend his fortunes by giving instructions to a class in French. Cousin Laura spoke the language quite fluently, and joined the class to perfect herself. She conversed with him entirely in his own tongue, and perhaps the pleasure this afforded her lent a charm to him. The astonishment and grief of our little circle were profound when we learned that she had resolved to marry the Frenchman. He told her, what none credited but herself, of the high position his family occupied in Paris, of their great wealth, and of his own trials in opposing his father's wishes that he should marry one he could not love; of his misfortunes and destitution. Like Desdemona, Laura pitied, and then loved for the very pity's sake. A strange thing is woman's heart.

Our father and mother remonstrated kindly with her, but she could not be moved from her purpose. She furnished the Frenchman with means to dress himself well, then she took him to herself. They went to live on a little farm of hers in a neighboring town. We saw her occasionally; she said nothing of domestic troubles, though we had flying reports of ill treatment from her husband. Finally she sold her farm, and they left the country for France. That was a sad day at the old homestead, for we feared there was a dark and desolate future in store for her whom we had cherished so fondly.

In due time letters came from Laura, saying that she found her husband's friends all that he had represented, intelligent, wealthy and respectable. But her new relatives, having no confidence in their son, desired letters certifying to her character and marriage. Certificates were obtained from well-known names and forwarded, and secured her a home in loving hearts. She wrote frequently and cheerfully, but said little of her husband. There was a wide gulf between them; she could not pass it to go to him, and he had neither the mental nor moral strength to enable him to pass it to meet her. Our highly gifted and romantic Laura could not enjoy such a life; if she attempted to taste pleasure it turned to ashes on her lips. But Providence kindly interfered and dissolved the tie that bound two so unequally together and Laura still remains with her French friends, the child of their hearts.

Those who presided in the ancient homestead are sleeping in the green churchyard. The rollicking youngsters have gone forth into the world, and another generation of children basks in its sunshine and dreams in its shadows. Here I live over again the past. I dream of the future, and I think often of Cousin Joe, because I promised him I would do so. June Isle.

Gentleman.—"Is this your first party, Miss Clara?"
Miss Clara.—"O, dear no! I've been to an *immense* number."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Who Was Jephthah?

The late Mr. Augur, the sculptor—one of New Haven's celebrities—was very modest in regard to his accomplishments, and while engaged upon the work of Jephthah and his Daughter, (which now forms a portion of the art collection in Trumbull Gallery, Yale College,) he kept himself closeted in his room, and his labor a secret. Persons calling upon him received no information, for he always stepped out of his room, and conversed with them in the hall-way.

Thus the inquisitive went away no wiser than they came. Among those who were particularly "exercised" in regard to Mr. Augur's mysterious conduct, was Deacon ——, (there's no need calling names,) who, upon the sculptor's coming into his store one day, interrogated him something after the following manner:

"I say, Mr. Augur, what are you doing cooped up in your room there? Looks rather suspicious. Ain't makin' counterfeit money, are you?"

Mr. Augur, upon being called so pointedly to account, replied:

"Well, as I have almost finished my work, and don't know as it need be a secret any longer, I suppose that I may as well tell you. I have been making a piece of statuary, which I call Jephthah and his Daughter—an undertaking which would have subjected me to ridicule at the outset."

"Ah ha! a sculptor, eh!" exclaimed the deacon. "Let me congratulate you. Indeed I am surprised. But what is the subject taken from? Who was Jephthah and—"

"What!" burst forth the sculptor in astonishment, "a deacon of the church, and don't know who Jephthah and his daughter were!"

"Oh, yes!" ejaculated the deacon, as if it had suddenly occurred to him. "I recollect—Shem, Ham, Jephthah. Certainly; Jephthah was one of Noah's sons."

Mr. Augur laughed heartily, and enjoyed the deacon's discomfiture exceedingly.

"Hold on!" broke forth the deacon; "I'll bet that Deacon —— (naming a near neighbor) don't know a thing more about it than I did."

And out of the door he sallied to test the truth of his statement, followed by Mr. Augur. Without stopping for breath, he inquired:

"Who was Jephthah?"

"Jephthah? Jephthah? Let me see."

"Don't know who Jephthah was!" interrupted Deacon No. 1, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Yes; Jephthah was one of Napoleon's generals."

Black John, the Last of the Cornish Jesters.—A tale is told of him that, one day, after he had for some time amused the guest, and had drank his full share of the ale, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. On a sudden he started up with a loud and terrified cry. Questioned as to the cause of his alarm he answered, "Oh, sir," to his master, "I was in a sog (sleep,) and I had such a dreadful dream. I thought I was dead, and I went where the wicked people go." "He, John," said Arscott of Tettcott, in his grim voice, wide awake for a jest or a tale, "then tell us all about what you heard and saw." "Well, master, nothing particular." "Indeed, John!" "No, sir; things was going on just as they do upon earth—here in Tettcott Hall—the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

No Water.—"Doctor," said a hard-looking customer the other day to a physician, "I am troubled with a depression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?"

"All very easily accounted for," said the physician. "You have water on the chest."

"Water! Come, that will do well enough for a joke, but how could I get water on my chest, when I haven't touched a drop for more than fifteen years?"

On a Line.—"I don't like to patronize this line," said a culprit to a hangman. "Oh, never mind this once," was the reply; "it will soon suspend its operation."

☞ When rain *falls* does it ever get up again?

Miss M——, a young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated with a young man, at a dinner-party, remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life. "I mean to *insure* mine," said the young lady, archly, "in the Hope" (Insurance Company.) "In the hope of *what!*" said the admirer; "*a single life* is not worth insuring; I propose that we should insure our lives together, and, if you have no objection, I should prefer the *Alliance*."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Draining.

John Johnston says—and almost every one that knows much, knows that there is no better agricultural authority in this country or any other—that no matter how large a man's farm may be, he may effectually drain it all at an outlay of only four hundred dollars, and then goes on and explains in a most satisfactory manner how the work may be achieved at that cost. He says: "First drain twenty acres, and the increased produce from the drained area will in two years afford the means to drain twenty acres more, and so on, until the drainage of the whole farm has been accomplished."

If there is any man anywhere who thoroughly and practically understands the philosophy and benefits of drainage, Mr. Johnston most certainly does, and what he says may be regarded as agricultural gospel.

Now a few words upon our own ideas of underdrainage in general.

A very great many farmers who profess to be pretty well posted in agricultural lore, are impressed with the idea that any portion of their domain that does not actually gush up water as they tramp over its surface, does not require draining. That is a mistake that needs a general mending. All heavy, soggy soils that pack easily and do not permit the free percolation of water downwards, require draining, especially all clay soils. No land of any quality of soil in any position, is injured by under-draining. Almost all land having a flat, level surface, whether it exhibits surface indications of undue moisture or not, is as a rule greatly benefitted by drains; while low, level lands having a tenacious clay soil, rarely yield in an undrained condition, one-third their maximum capacity.

All things considered, from the first of July to the last of September, is the best time of the year to drain. The work can be done more expeditiously, comfortably, and just as cheaply, as it can during the cold, wet months of fall, winter, and spring. Admitted that the season is a busy one with farmers, that argues nothing to the purpose. Farmers almost everywhere hire their ditching and draining done, and it costs no more per yard or rod in summer than at any other season—not nearly so much to the operator.

Determine upon the frequency and direction of your drains; but be sure that you secure the best possible outlet, provide your material, and set your drainers at the work during the long days and dry weather. Your land will be in infinitely better condition for next season's crop, than it would be if the draining were delayed until late in the fall when the earth is fully saturated with water.

Many people think—especially some who are *paid*—to think, thus, that the use of tiles in all drains, under all conditions, are indispensable necessities. The majority, however, of better informed farmers think differently. We make no great pretensions to being of the better informed class, but we do choose to think with the majority.

In all porous soils, either of sand or light loam, where particles are always liable to drift down into the drain, a close sewerage of tiles is a necessity; but in all clayey sub-soils, other material may be more economically used, and are probably equally as efficient. For instance where there is a sufficiency of small stone on or near the drained land, it will be good economy to fill in the drain with the material to one-half its depth, or so as to be below all future ploughing. By this means the surface will be cleared of troublesome trash fit for no other purpose, and a drainage capacity obtained little or nothing inferior to that afforded by tile.

In all wooded regions, where there is a superabundance of timber, we should say by all means use it in forming drains. Oak, rock maple, hemlock, red beech, elm and birch, all last well under ground, and afford excellent draining material, far cheaper than tiles in all new countries, and equally as good.

Saw the trunks of trees into any convenient length, from four to seven feet, according to the "rift" of the timber, so as to insure its splitting straight and fair, then rive into "puncheons"—two-thirds of the stuff 2×5 inches and the remaining third 2×9, to serve as covers. Place two of the five-inch puncheons parallel in the bottom of the drain, five inches apart in the clear, cover with a nine-inch slab so as to break joints, having the butts battened reasonably tight, and ballast with any stone that may be at hand, or lacking that, the refuse splits of timber will answer the purpose.

Two ordinarily industrious men will prepare in a day sufficient material to drain an acre of land, counting the drains twenty-five feet apart, and as the puncheons may be prepared during the winter, when there is little other work to be done, timber draining is far cheaper than tiles, and for forty years or so, just as good.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our Universal Brightener.

Cousin Clara is a capital housekeeper, but young yet—too young to have got hold of all the hidden mysteries of the kitchen. There may be two or three, more than that perhaps, housekeepers whom The Post will reach, as young and inexperienced as Cousin Clara. Wherefore there may be some advantage to somebody in my relating what passed between cousin and I upon the occasion of her visit to Derwentwater lately.

"Maddie, how ever in the world is it that you always have such a lustre, such a perfect coin polish on every thing of silver, plate, albata or Britannia you have? Now I can't make any of my ware look like that." Clara was poking her pug nose into my closet. "I buy all the patent polishes and lustres I can hear of, and use them as per directions, and for all that, my tea things, castors and spoons will always look spotted, and scratched, and striped, and after a few hours get dim and dull, looking like old superannuated pewter than they do like silver. Show me how you do it, please."

So I showed Clara three bits of old, soft flannel, about a foot square, and a circular patch of *chamois* of the same dimensions, that Norah always keeps stowed away snug in the closet in a wooden spice box.

"Oh, yes, I understand all about the rags, cos—but where is—"

"No you don't understand all about the rags, cos. For you see I steep these rags a week in brine so strong it will accept no more salt, and then I dry them thoroughly, and when I use them I have a plate of the finest possible table salt to dab them in occasionally, and polish away vigorously, finishing up with the chamois. That's all the polishing material I use, and, as you know, my ware never looks spotted or dull."

Possibly I might have told all about it in a few less words, but it is really worth the extra talk.

Foreign Fruit.

We have an abundance in variety and quality of domestic, American grown fruit to satisfy us in all our cookery, and it would do so if we would only divest ourselves of our prejudices in favor of foreign material. A knowledge of the manner in which a great deal of the cured fruit we get from abroad is prepared for our fastidious palates would help us wonderfully in correcting our favoritism.

If several of my countrywomen cooks, who worships figs, revel in Sultana raisins, make of Zante currants a pastry idol, could but listen as I have done, to Cosmo's account of the *modus operandi* of preparing these foreign fruit delicacies, they would turn from them in disgust, and discard them from their *cuisine* economy forever. Take the popular Zante currant for instance. We know the things are gritty, gravelly, gummy, and require washing before being fit to use in cooking. But we do not all of us understand the manner in which the delicious berries acquire all this wealth of filth. It is just possible that if we knew that in Zante, these little favorites of ours are cured on earthen beds prepared like our brick yards, and that pigs, poultry, puppies, and swarms of juvenile Ionians run riot at will among the curing currants—rolling, wallowing, rooting, and bestowing freely their beastial and human filth upon the fruit—yes, it is just possible, that having this knowledge of its beauties, we should discard from our kitchen catalogue forever, our favorite Zante currant.

Among the various preparations in which I substitute our domestic for foreign fruit with decided improvement, I think, is a

Peach Pudding.

Begin with the peaches. Take half a pint of nicely pared, sundried peaches. Wash them thoroughly and quickly in pure, cold water—never put them to soak and soak all the *peach* out of them. It is the flavor that makes their excellence. Having cleansed the peaches, chop them with chopping knife and wooden bowl as fine as currants. Then commence manufacturing the pudding.

Have in a porcelain lined kettle over a moderate fire a quart of new milk, into which has been stirred two thoroughly beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of clean, brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and any kind of seasoning you prefer—salt being an element of course. Stir in first a pint of sifted flour, sifting in from the hand gradually, and stirring the while vigorously. Then stir in the peaches in the same manner, then half a pint of coarse, yellow, corn meal, and finish the *stirring in* with a desert spoonful of brome or saleratus dissolved in a half pint of warm water. Continue the stirring moderately for ten minutes, and then cover the kettle closely and set it back off the fire, and let the material smother slowly an hour and a half. Serve as a desert, with cold cream and white sugar.

Pea Pancakes.

Cook a pint more green peas than you will require for dinner. While hot put them in a wooden bowl, a lump of butter and a little pepper with them, and mash to a *salve* with a potato pestle. In the morning make up a batter of either wheat flour or corn meal, with eggs and soda as for *fritters*. Stir in the pea jam until it is thoroughly incorporated with the batter, and cook like any other griddle cakes. They make a beautiful and palatable breakfast dish, as I know by experience.

THE RIDDLER.

Physiological Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 10, 8, is a joint in the human frame.
My 9, 6, 12, 20, 20, 5, was supposed by the ancients to be the seat of melancholy.
My 14, 2, 3, 9, aid us in talking.
My 12, 2, 17, 14, 9, are organs used in purifying the blood, &c.
My 22, 10, 14, 16, 2, 20, 17, 22, 9, serve to bind.
My 23, 20, 5, 18, 11, 17, 9, serve as pulleys or levers to the bones.
My 7, 4, 5, 18, is an important part of the body.
My 19, 20, 21, 13, contains an organ that holds communion with all parts of the body.
My 3, 13, 2, 23, 24, contains more nerves than any other part of the body.
My 20, 8, 20, has been called the window of the soul.
My 20, 15, 20, 13, 10, 18, serves to protect a delicate part of the body.
My whole is what all people should study.
Conewago, Dauphin Co., Pa. CYRUS.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 15, 10, 10, 15, 13, 5, 15, 15, is one of the United States.
My 10, 15, 4, 5, 15, is a river in North Carolina.
My 15, 9, 10, 16, is a mountain in Sicily.
My 6, 11, 10, 2, 8, 4, 17, 16, is a mission in India.
My 2, 7, 17, 8, is an apartment in a building.
My 9, 16, 13, 14, 15, is one of the senses.
My whole is one of the Ten Commandments.
Philadelphia, Pa. G. S. PICKELL.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, though seen in planets,
Exists not in the stars.
My second is in engines,
Though found not in the cars.

My third in arms and armor,
Is yet unknown in shield.
My fourth's in camp and cannon,
But still not in the field.

My fifth, though found in eagle,
Dwells also with the dove.
My whole abiding with us,
A sweetest boon will prove. EVA.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters will express a word,
A lady's name, you oft have heard;
It doth denote a married dame,
And either way it reads the same.
Cut off the first, 'twill bring to mind
The father of all human kind.
Cut off the first and second too—
An animal 'twill bring to view.
And now cut off the one, two, three,
A verb right quickly you will see.
Tallahoma, Tenn. GAHMEW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first means to increase.
My second is a vowel.
My third belongs to Geometry, Physiognomy, Poetry, Astronomy, and to the Army.
My whole is a lady's name. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

In Webster's Elementary Spelling Book occurs the word, "*Hulotheism*." The definition is requested. J. M. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A disc of metal is whirled round with a velocity of 75 feet per second. The diameter of the disc is 9 feet, the diameter of its axle 5 inches, and the co-efficient of friction 1-12. Required, the number of revolutions the disc will make before it stops.
MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men bought a pine plank 36 feet long, 30 inches wide at one end, and tapering uniformly to a point at the other end; also one inch thick. They desire to cut it in two places, so that each will have the same share, the difference in each share to be less than .0001 part of a solid inch. Required, the length and width of each piece. JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What chaps are allowed to perch quietly on ladies' heads? Ans.—Chaplets.

☞ What chaps receive once a week a number of visitors? Ans.—Chapels.

☞ What chaps are permitted to preach to the army and navy? Ans.—Chaplains.

☞ What chaps are the most lettered? Ans.—Chapters.

☞ What lads are born in the brain and issue from the mouth? Ans.—Ballads.

☞ What lad is first mutilated and then eaten? Ans.—Salad.

Answers to Last.

MILITARY ENIGMA—The Abolishment of Slavery by the United States Congress. ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post, and The Lady's Friend. CHARADE—Tomato, (Toe-mat-oh! CHARADE—Chester, (Chest, rest, test, crest, chest.)

Answer to Capt. L. B. Chester's PROBLEM, May 6th:—$10.11 [illegible]. W. J. Barrett. $10.20 [illegible]. J. N. Fodere. $15.225. Morgan Stevens. $11.20 [illegible]. Capt. L. B. C.